THE Eglogs of the Poet B. MANTVAN CARmelitan, Turned into English Verse, and set forth with the Argument to euery Egloge, by *George Turbervile Gent.*

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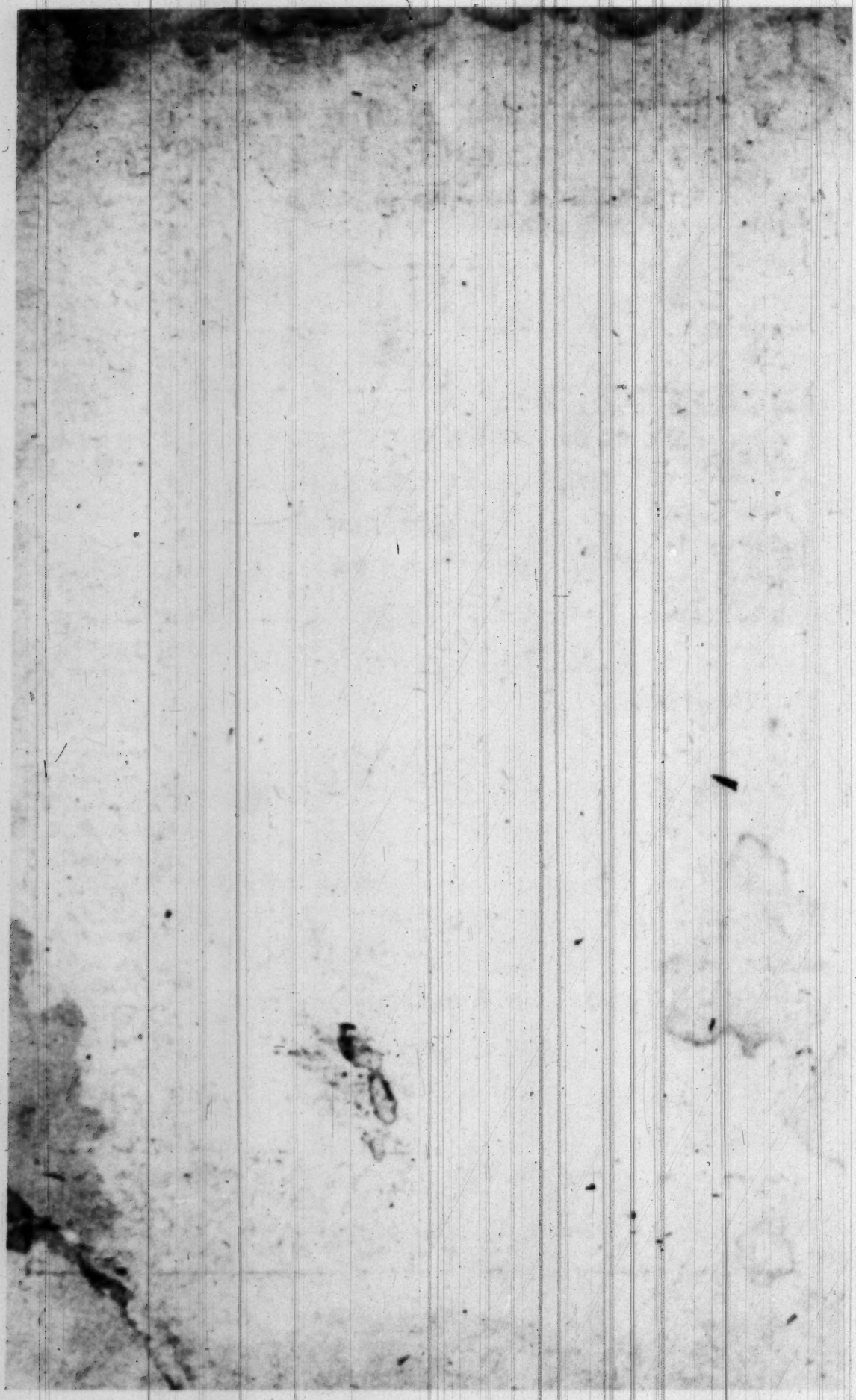

To the right worshipfull and his good Vncle, Maiſter HVGH BAMFIELD Eſquier, GEORGE TVRBERVILE wiſheth Neſtors yeares, with all good fortune.

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WORSHIPFVL, as deſire not altogither to be idle & vvaſt the golden Time (the rareſt of al Ievvels) procurde me to vnder-take the tranſlation of this Poet: ſo Nature vvith your ſundrie curteſies beſtovved on me vvithout hope of recompence at any time, enforced me (for vvante of better vvaye to shevve my good meaning) to dedicate to you this rude and ſlender Booke, tranſlated into our mother tongue. Hoping that as I haue not vvronged the Poet in any point in my tranſlation, or impairde his credit vvith the Latins, in forcing him to ſpeake vvith an English mouth contrarie to his nature and kinde: ſo neither that I haue miniſtred you occaſion to miſlike vvith me for dedication of the ſame to you: a man vvhoſe benefites I may and vvil endeuour to requite, but ſhall

neuer be able to ryd my ſcore of his good turnes, or cancel the obligation of his many and infinite curteſies. If a man be bound by all meanes that he maye, to gratifie his vvell deſeruing friendes: then may not I quiet my ſelfe and be at ſilence till I haue deuiſed the requitall of ſome parte of your friendships, by ſome ſlender gift, ſuch as my fortune and preſent chaunce will permit me to exhibite vnto you. And none can I finde, either more agreeing vnto my ſtate, or fitter for your worshippe, than this nevve tranſlated Poet. VVhoſe title though at the firſte perhaps ſhall ſeeme ouer rude and barbarous (EGLOGS are altogither of the countrie affairs) yet doubt I not but that bothe the matter ſhall be found pleaſant, and the ſtile agreeable to the Latine phraſe. I doe not miſtruſt but MANTVANS Shephierds vvill vſe the matter with ſuch diſcretion, and ſo ſet their ruſticke Pipes in tune, as you wil rather cõmend their melodie, than miſlike their audacitie: that being Countrimen dare vndertake to tell their tales before you, and reaſõ of ſo many and ſeuerall matters as in theſe Eglogs they do. They were not in that age ſuch ſillie ſots as our Shephierds are novv a days, only hauing Reaſon by Experience to

prate

prate of their pasturs,& fold & vnfold their flockes: But these fellovves, vvhom the Poet and I haue here brought in, were well able both to moue the doutful cause, and (if neede vvere) to discide the proponed case. They not only knevve the Calfe from the Lamb, the VVolfe from the Mastife, but had reason to knovve the dyfference tvvixt Tovvne and Countrie, the oddes betvvixt Vice and Vertue, and other things needeful and appertayning to the life of man. VVherefore (Vncle) as I shall craue you to accepte this my slender gift, vndertaking the Patronage and Defence of the same: So shall I request the GODS to allovve you the aged Nestors yeares, vvith no misaduenture in al your life.

Your Nephevve and daylie Orator
George Turberuile.

To the Reader.

HAVING TRANSLATED this Poet (gentle Reader) although basely and wyth barren pen, I thought it not good nor friendly to withholde it from thee: knowing of olde thy wonted curtesie in perusing Bookes, and discretion in iudging them without affection. I shal thinke my paines passing wel imployed if thou shewe thy accustomed fauoure to this Booke, which I haue nowe forced to a newe and forraine Language from that it was.

Though I haue altered the tong, I trust I haue not changed the Authors meaning or sense in any thing: but played the part of a true interpreter, obseruing that which we terme Decorum in eche respect, as far as the Poet and our mother tong woulde giue me leaue. For as the conference betwirt Shephierdes is familiar stuffe and homely: so haue I shapt my stile and tempred it with suche common and ordinarie phrase of speach as Countrimen doe vse in their affaires: alway minding the saying of Horace, whose Sentence I haue thus englished.

To

To ſet a Manlie head vpon a Horſes necke,
And all the lims vvith ſundrie plumes of di-
uers hue to decke,
Or paint a vvomans face aloft to opē shevv
And make the Picture end in fishe, vvith
ſcaly skinne belovve:
I thinke (my friends) vvould cauſe you laugh
and ſmile to ſee
Hovve yll theſe thus compacted things and
members vvould agree:

For in dœde, he that ſhall tranſlate a ſhep-
hierds tale, and vſe the talke and ſtile of
an Heroicall perſonage, expreſſing the
ſillie mannes meaning with loftie thun-
dering wordes: in my ſimple iudgemnt
ioynes (as Horace ſayth) a Horſes necke
and a mans heade togither. For as the one
were monſtrous to ſée, ſo were the other
too fonde and fœliſh to reade. Wherefore
I haue (I ſay) vſed the common countrie
Phraſe, according to the perſone of the
ſpeakers in euery Egloge, as though in
dœde the man himſelfe ſhoulde tell his
tale. And the ſoner to let thee vnderſtande
the matter contayned in euerie treatiſe,
I haue (I hope to thy good lyking) fore-
ſet the Argument. If there be any thing
herein that thou ſhalt happen to miſlike,

neither

neyther blame the learned Poet, nor controll the clownish Shephierde (good Reader) but me that presumde rashely to offer so vnworthie a matter to thy suruay. But if thou fansie or like well with ought contained herein, commend Mantuan, extoll the Shephierde: sufficeth me to auoyd scotte free from slaunderous snare. If I gayne thy good wyll, I haue the guerdon of my trauell. Thus presuming vpon thy patience in perusing this Booke, thy vncorrupte Judgement in condemning & allowing the same, I ende my Preface, crauing thée to lend quiet eare to Fortunatus and the rest of his companiõs.

George Turberuile.

¶ The first Egloge of MANTVAN entituled FAVSTVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

AS Shephierds custome is
vvhen they do meete yfeare,
To talke of this or that,
and tell the nevves they heare:
So *Fortunatus* craues
of *Faustus*, to begin
Of auncient loues to treate,
vvhilst flockes a feeding bin.
VVhen friendly *Faustus* savve
his earnest friendes request:
To tale of honest loue
the Shephierd him addrest.

The speakers names.

Fortunatus. *Faustus.*

FOR FRiend Faustus, pray thée since our flock
in shade & pleasant vale
Doth chewe the cudde: of auncient loue
let vs begin a tale.
Least if by hap vnhappie sléeps
our senses should begyle,

Some sauage beast in sprouted corns
our cattle catch the while:
For many such about the fields
do lurking lye in wayte.
Wherefore to watch is better far
than sleepe in my conceyte.
PAV. This place, this self same shady bush
that shrowds vs from the heate,
Knows how I haue ben cloyd with cares
and Cupids coales yfreat
These .iiij. yeares space, or .v. at least
if I remember well.
But since we are at leasure both,
and pleasant is to tell:
I will begin the whole discourse
and shewe thee howe it fell.
Here I, whilst in my tender youth
of cattle should haue care,
Would spread my garment on the soyle,
and bolte vpright would stare
Into the open Skyes aloft:
with dolefull drops of bryne
And heauy playnt recounting of
this cursled fate of myne.
No pleasure I in quiet toke,
no labour did delight
My pensiue brest, my sense was dull,
quite buried was my Spryte:

As

As is the stomacke of the sicke
whom no good taste allures
Of lothsome meate, nor pacients mynde
to appetite procures.
Delight of Musicke was bereste,
for Pipe I did not passe
Compacted of vnegall quilles,
my bowe but lothsome was.
The slyng and hounde were hatefull both,
no pleasure I did put
In fouling then, 'twas yrkesome eke
with knyfe to cracke the Nut.
To make the Bulrush basket, or
beguyle the fysche with gyn,
Or search the brakes for brædyng birdes
I forced not a pyn.
Palester playes, and casting lottes
with finger I ne wayd:
Nor former games that pleasant were
ere I this griefe allayd.
Wilde grapes to gather was a gall,
and Strawberies to pull,
I mourned as Tereus wife is wonte,
that hauing beake as full
Of fode as it can holde, when shee
returnes from hir repast
And sees hir yonglings borne away,
she wareth all agast:

And from the byll downe falls the bayte,
hir heart begins to quaile,
And to the neyghbour bushe she flies
hir cruell haps to waile
For broud so lately borne away.
Or as the gallant Cowe
That hauing lost hir louing Calfe
in fielde begins to lowe.
And hauing fillo the place with noyse
and crying out a good:
Repaires to shade and eates no grasse
nor dips hir flaps in floud.
But why do I with long discourse
thy lystning eares offend?
This processe makes me both my tyme
and wordes in wast to spend.
This is the summe of all my tale,
it grieu'd my weary sprite
That myser I with these myne eyes
do see the lothsome light.
And if thou longing for to learne
the whole effect, shouldst say:
Who (Paulus) to these dredfull rockes
did thee compell I pray?
Friend (Fortunatus) I will shewe
the very trouth to thee
My little gyrle that Galla hight
had so entrapped me

With

With feature of hir friendly face
and lookes of louing eye,
And in hir craftie cobweb doth
Arachne catch the flye.
For why hir ruddie chœkes did strius
with Corall for their hue:
A prettie round and fully face,
a seemely sight to viewe.
And of hir eyes though one there were
that stode in little steede,
Yet when I did recompte hir yeares
and passing shape in deede:
I did mislike Dianas face,
I sayde hir feature was
Not worth a rushe, my Galla did
hir blasing beautie passe.
FOR. Loue (Faustus) blyndes the senses
it guiles the gazing eyes: (sore,
It reaues the freedome from the mynde
of man in monstrous wise,
It doth bewitch our weakned sprites.
I verily suppose
Some Vellishe Impe doth force this fire
and fowly ouerthrowes
And out of hooke doth heaue our hearts:
Loue is not as they say
A heauenly God, but bitter gall,
and errour from the way.

FAV. Beſides I had no hope at all
my wiſhed good to gayns:
Though ſhe (good heart) did rue my caſe,
and pitied Fauſtus payne.
And by hir becks, and wanton wyncks
hir flame appeared playns.
For what ſoeuer way ſhe went
(a cruell canckred mate)
Hir married Siſter hir enſude
and followde Gallas gate.
The harde and churliſh Mother eke,
vpon the Wench did watch:
Eche thing did hinder mine intent.
Euen as the Cat to catch
The prettie, perte and prickeard Mouſe
obſerues with earneſt eye
The clouen cranie, and the beaſt
on bacon ſlitche doth prie.
FOR. The pored paunch and ſtuffed maw
commendeth faſting much:
And they that are not dry, at thoſe
that long for lycour grutch.
FAV. 'Twas time w̄ crooked ſythe to ſhear
the corne that grewe in fields,
The Barly all about the landes
a golden gleame did yelde.
The Mother (as the cuſtome is)
came with hir Daughters both,

To

To gather vp the shattred sheaues
which reaper ouergoth.
For she wist nothing of our Loue,
or made as though she had
Not knowen a whit thereof: I thinke
she was not halfe so mad
But that she founde it well ynough,
and did dissemble soze:
For she in deede (I stand assurde)
had vnderstoode before
Hir Daughter had a Leueret tane
in paune of my good will:
A payre of stocke Doues eke she had
to kéepe or else to kill.

FOR. The want of wealth good nurture
the powre is prone to fall: (marres
He slydes into the snare of sinne
and is to vices thrall.

FAV. The virgin gathering vp hir grips
came after me a pace,
With open breast and naked foote
and sléeueless armes, in case
As fittest was for scorching heate
and Sommers scalding blase,
With wreathed bough about hir browes
to kepe hir beautie bright:
For cause the heate will hurt the hue
and make it swarthy to sight,

In

In sorte that Louers neuer will
conceiue thereof delight.
And euer as she did approchs
my shattred sheafe I shooke:
And as from out my fist it fell
that vp my Pinion tooke.
For women neyther can conceals
their griefs and wasting glede,
Nor conquer cares, ne yet defer
the same till time of nede:
Such lightning raignes in them by kind
as out it shall with speede.
FOR. Who so in loue is light God wotte,
not womankinde alone,
But very they that dæmed are
to sit in Pallas throne,
And wisedoms gaudy garland weare
about their tryed hed:
Yea those of poudred purple that
and Senate robes are sped.
Whome I in stately sort haue séene
like Royall kings to walke,
And earst in proude presumptuous sorts
about the streates to stalke.
And thou perhaps affectiond so
werte madder of the twayne,
And lighter eke: that shattredst cosne,
and toke it vp agayne.

Thou

Thou gau'st the graine that she receiu'd,
I pray thee tell me nowe
Which was the wisest of the twaine,
the little trull or thou?
Speake on, for talke it is that must
driue sleepe from heauie browe.
FAV. The angrie Beldam looking backe
with shriueled visage, prates,
And crie, why (Galla) whither goest?
why doest thou leaue thy mates?
Come hither (Galla) hers among
the Alder boughes I haue
Found out a pleasant shadie plotte
from Phœbus flames to saue
Our ouer-chafed limmes with heate,
the whisling ayre doth cause
The trembling leaues to make a noyse,
'tis best here right to pause.
O hatefull words to Faustus eares:
gos gentle windes I pray,
And beare (quod I) with nimble gale
this curssed sounde a way.
If any Shepherd bring his flocke
into a fertile vaine,
And will not let them fede their fill
but driue them back againe,
Or hauing fed, will stay the streame
and neuer let them drinke,

But force them to forgoe the flould:
wouldst thou not surely thinke
That man to be a monster fell
and natures cruell foe,
And stony hearted, that could vse
his sielly cattle so?
That voyce to me more grieuous was
than Iunos husbands threats,
Whē down he flings his flashing flakes,
and earth with Imber beates.
I would not, but I could not chuse
but backward cast mine eye:
And Galla loking vnder brow,
gan out of hand reply.
She bent hir friendly blincks as fast,
and rold hir eyes aside:
Which by-and-by the chiding Dame
by spitefull fortune spide.
And call'd vpon the wanton Wench:
but Galla bent the more
To worke, refuse to lend an eare
to hir that chid so sore.
As shee with foote pursude my pace,
so did shee eke in hart:
Then I full like a craftie childe,
(for Loue ministers art
And doth instruct his thrals with dole)
would often sing a song,

And

And often on the Reapers crie,
and harueſt folks among.
A craftie cloake to make the Dame
and wedded Siſter léeue,
That Galla to theyr cleping cries
no eare at all did géeue.
With ſythe I chore adoune the briers,
for that I would be ſure
The prickes to Gallas tender féete
no domage ſhould procure.
FOR. Who ſo doth loue (no doubt) is ſlaue
and followes (like a thrall
Inchaynde) his choſen Maiſtreſſe ſote
till yoke his necke do gall.
Sweéte blowes to beare he is compeld
vpon his beaſtly corſe,
Ye bides the goade, and like an Ore
doth drawe the plough perforce.
FAV. And thou as far as I can learne,
haſte felte Cupidos darte.
FOR. Tuſhe 'tis a common guil, who hath
not played ſome frantike parte?
FAV. This painfull pleaſure of the minde,
this ſugred venom, greéwe
From day to day to more and more,
more cruell 'twas to vieéwe.
Euen as the heate of Phœbus flames
augment theyr ſcorching blaſt

And partching powze from lesse to moze,
till nine of clocke be past.
I wore agaste lyke one that was
of late bereste his wits,
Besides my selfe (no doubt) I was,
and rackte with furious fits.
Unmindfull beast I was become,
I toke no nightly rest:
'Twas easte eke to know my grief,
The brovve bevvrayes the brest.
Which thing as soone my Father spide,
moze gentle he became
Than earste, foz that him selfe had felte
the fozce of Cupids flame,
And knew therof the burden well
how heauy twas to beare:
Wherfoze in courteous sozt he sayde:
Sonne Faustus bannishe feare,
And tell thy father what thou aylste,
and hidden haste in harte:
(Unhappy boy) this face declares
that thou haste felt the darte
Of Loue: come off, and take no shame
but tell me how thou fare:
Bewzay to me thy pensiue thought
that bzeedes this cutting care.
FOR. Yea, though ỹ father checke his child
and bse a bended bzowe.

His mind is frindlier than his face,
he loues him wel ynowe.
FAV. I seing that my Sire became
so courteous, out of hand
Confest the matter, and declarde
how thoe the case did stand.
I crau'd his helpe, he straight behight
that he would do his best:
And so (or ere the winter frost
with glare the ground oppzest)
The kinsfolke and the Father had
betrothde the Mayd to mee.
But shee and I could neuer deale
alone, but soms would see
And warely watch what coyle we kept:
I was a Tantal right,
I stode amid the water, but
I could not drinke a whit.
O Lord how often leauing plough
and Oxen all alone,
When shee was sole at home, haue I
vnto hir mothers gone?
I would deuise excuses store,
the plough taile, or the yoake,
The share, the chaines, the spittesstaffe eke
my subtill craft to cloake.
And all at Mother lawes I fette,
I could not want a iotte,

But yet (good Wench) hir company
I could not haue God wotte.
I was not slacke to doe my due,
to fish, to fouls, to hunt:
I thoe began and practisde feates
that I of yore was wont.
What so-euer was my lucke to catche,
what game so ere I kilde,
To mother lawes I bore, and was
surmisde a courteous childe.
At midnight once (as promis was
betwirte the Wench and mee)
I came vnto hir Mothers house,
in hope to had some glee:
The Dogges (not sleepy then) at doore
some theefe surmisde to bee.
With open iawes on me they ranne,
I leapte a hedge in haste.
And so with much a-doe escap'de
the cursed Curres at last:
With such deuises all the colde
and Winter time we past.
The spring was com, ỳ groues wer greene,
the vine began to spread:
The ploughman Barly gan to sow,
for Wheat had taken head.
Lampyas those glistring foules
with glowing wings did flie,

Which

Which did declare to husbandmen
that harueſt time was nie.
Behold, the mariage day was come,
a wedded wight I was:
What nede so many wordes at night
to bed in poſt we paſſe.
A wished time to both God wot,
my Barke with bleſſed blaſt
And merry gale of winde, vnto
the hauen came at laſt.
Then with a ſlaughtred Ore two days
we kept a ſolemne feaſt,
And vnderneath a ſpreading trée
the tables were addreſt.
Oenophilus was there, on whom
full fraught with Bacchus wares,
And making ſport, with willing eyes
the whole aſſemble ſtares.
Wyth pipe was Tonius eke at hand,
who after meat to ſhow
His ſkill, the painted bagpipe raught,
and gan theron to blow:
His alie cheekes with blaſting breath
full wide he made to ſtrout,
When he began to puffe the pipe,
he ſtared all about,
And lifted vp his bittle browes,
and from his lungs full oft,

He drew his winde to fill the bagge,
that being stuffed toft,
And bruſed with his elbow downe
did yelde his ſound aloft.
With finger friſking here and there,
as he was piping aye:
He call'd the youth from table, and
inuited them to play,
And hoppe about the open ſtreetes,
and daunce away the day.
There are ſince that three winters paſt,
fourth Sommer comes in place:
I ſee if any good day there bee,
it flies away apace.
Is nothing pleaſant in this world
but paſſeth by in haſt:
But hatefull happes and vileſt things
we ſee doe longeſt laſt.
FOR. O Fauſte doeſt ſee? to yonder vine,
the flocke doth go with ſpede,
Wherfore leaſt we be tared fore,
'tis time to trudge in dede.

¶ The. ij. Egloge entituled FORTVNATVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe prankes that *Padus* plaide
in breaking dovvne his bounds,
And hovv he had diſmaide
men, sheepe, and paſture grounds,
His *Fauſtus* tale to quite,
here *Fortunatus* gan:
And after to recite
the fonde affects of man.
Of mad *Amyntas* loue
and paſſing rage to tell,
For other mens behoue
this zealous shepheard fell.

The ſpeakers names.

Fauſtus. *Fortunatus.*

FA. HOw hapt (my frēd) you com ſo late?
a wœke is paſt and gon:
What bred thy ſtay? annoyes thy shēpe
the ſoyle they fœde vpon?

FOR. O Fauſtus, *Padi* the floud that fletes
and runnes alongſt our grounds

Was woren egall with the bankes:
it had so past his bounds,
That we not forcing on our flocks,
for priuate profits sake
And common safetie, were constrainde
both day and night to make
A Way to beat the waters backe
and cause them to recoile,
For feare least *Padus* would haue drownd
and ouerflowne our soyle.

FAV. Yea *Padus* sundry times when he
doth swell aboue his banks,
(As Tityrus can witnesse wel)
playes many spitefull pranks.

FOR Euen as thou sayst, perhaps he doth,
when out of meane and time
He boyles by force of Sommer blase,
and boue the banke doth clime.
But now the yeare requires the same,
for from the frostie hilles
The Winter snow descendeth downe:
The Mount with water filles
The flacked flouds, and dothe discharge
him selfe: the floud as fast
Conuayes his burden, and the waues
to gultching seas doth cast.
They play the part that men are wont:
for when the heauie packe,

Doth

Doth pinche our limmes, we cast it on
our nedie neighbours backe.
FOR. But now the chanell hath reuokde
his spouting spring againe.
FAV. O Fortunatus (wonder 'tis
and monstrous thing to saine)
Though *Padus* do decrease, our lake
with greater sourge doth swell:
The Citie swimmes aloft the streame,
a straungie tale to tell.
The vaultes and sellars ditches are,
in whirries men resort
Unto the barrels, drawers haue
a ioily glée and sport,
To goe by water with their Jacks
and fetche the wine away
By bottels full, that earst full drie
in secrete sellar lay.
On Townish men (though happy they
appeare to open sight)
Yet many times vnhappy haps,
and cruell chaunces light.
FOR. From euery pleasure doth arise
displeasure in the end:
And aye from euery blessed hap
doth balefull lucke depend.
FA. Thus much of *Padus* hath ben tolde,
now let's recite our Loue:

Since

Since friendlie Venus there-vnto
in eache respect doth moue.
The weather is ful warme we sée,
the soyle is grene to viewe:
The foules about the field do sing,
nowe euerie thing doth mewe,
And shiftes his rustie winter roabe.
FORT. Thou hast in Shepherdes verse
Declarde thy Loue, but I will gin
anothers to reherse,
(A Shepherd whom thou knowst ful wel)
to make it playne in sight
What force there rests in Venus flame,
and shewe hir statelie might.
Amyntas poore (God wot) and borne
vnluckie vnder signe:
Sir calues of egall age possest,
and had as many kine.
Whome as he draue to pasture, with
a bull (that father was
To all the hierd) it was his chaunce
by *Coytus* to passe:
A place where *Mincius* with his cleare
and siluer chanell flowes,
And swiftly all the grassie soyle
and medowes ouer-goes.
A Castle newe with battled walles
there faceth on the flood,

High

Vigh rayſed vp, that *Coyte* highte,
and on the mariſh ſtood.
Vere reſting him by Riuers ſide
where grewe a goodlie vine,
That w̄ his boughs did ſhade the banks
and waters paſſing fine,
Ye ſtayde to catch the gliding Fiſhe
with bayted hooke and line.
Twas harueſt time, the ſcoꝛtching beams
of ſcalding Phœbus rayes
Vad ſingde the ſoyle, the Nightingale
had layde aſide hir layes.
The ground was withꝛed in ſuch wiſe
as neyther flocke coulde fēede
There-on by day, noꝛ deawe was left
foꝛ Graſſhoppers at nēede,
By night to moyſt their cryking chaps.
Vere whilſt he ſpent the tyde
About the Riuer, and this fonde
and vayne deuiſe applyde,
The Bull firſt vexed with the Waſpe,
and next with curres they ſay,
And laſt by filching Souldiers meane
was quite conuayde away,
Not to be founde in fielde. Which when
the Boy had vnderſtood,
Ye gat him to a mountaine by
and cried out a-good

Foꝛ

For Bull vnhaply loſt of late,
and all the countrey ſought
With greedy gazing eye. But when
he ſaw it boted nought
And that his paine could not prevaile,
his bended Bowe he toke,
And painted Quiuer full of ſhafts
and for his beaſt gan loke
Through woods wher was no haũted path
through euery flocke and fold,
Through paſtures eke to ſee where he
his Bullocke might behold.
About Benacus bankes he went,
and Mountes with Oliue trees
Beſet, and places where both Figgs
and Vine was greene to ſee.
At length a haughtie hill he hent,
where did a Chappell ſtand
Of Sulphur, and from thence he caſt
his eies about the land,
And ouerviewd Benacus bounds,
and all the countrey round,
To ſee where in that coaſt there were
his Bullocke to be found.
It was Saint Peters day by courſe
and cuſtome of the yere,
The youth of euery village by,
at afternoone was there:

And

And vnderneath a grænish Elme
that shadowed all the soile,
At sound of pleasant countrey pipe
they dauncde, and kept a coile.
FAV. The country cloines cã not be tamde
by any kinde of arte,
Unquiet they delight in sweat:
when Priest hath done his parte,
And morning Prayers ended are,
the Holy day (when all
Should ceasse from toyle) impacient they
of rest and hunger, fall
To filling of their grædie mawes
and tolling of the cup:
And hie to daunce, as soons as min-
strell gins to pipe it vp:
They tread it trickslie vnder trée,
one skips as he were mad,
An other iumpes as twere an Ape
vnto the Aultar lad.
The sacred soile (that sinne it were
to turne with toyling share,
And cut with crooked culter) they
can not endure to spare:
But frisks theron like frantike foles,
vnwieldy wights (God wot)
With leaden legs and heavy hæles
about the Churchyard trot.

And

And all the day do crie and laugh,
and lay theyr lips to pot.
FOR. Thou dolte, why dost ỹ chat of this?
thy selfe a rustike borne:
The maners of the countrey Cloines,
and rustike route dost scorne.
Thou dost thy selfe condemne withall,
thou art thy proper foe.
FAV. Tushe of Amyntas let vs chat,
let all these matters go.
I spake it but in sporte (my friende)
I trust you take it so.
He stayde, and leaning gainst his staffe
ymade of Acer tree,
Did stint from trauaile, til the heate
might somwhat swaged bee.
O most vnhappy hapless youth,
in shade a greater flash
Will seaze thy corps: shut vp thine eyes
least whilst Diana wash
Hir louely limmes in siluer streams
thou naked hir espie,
Or lende a listning eare vnto
the Syrens when they crie.
Thy lacke with Narcisse heauy lore,
may well compared bee:
For whilst in Well he thought to slake
his thirst, the more was hee

(Unluck

(Unluckie lad) with drought attachde:
so whilst thou dost deuise
This outward heat to slée, an in-
ward flame doth thée surprise.
How much had better bene (I pray)
and happier for thée,
(Unlesse the fatall Gods would had
thy destnie so to bée)
To thy remainder flocke in field
to haue returned backe,
And kept thy Kye, and let alone
the Bull that was a lacke:
And taken in good part the losse
of that one beast alone,
Than thus, in seeking nought to finde
thy selfe to haue forgone?

FAV. Oh Friend, who is not wise become
when things are at the wurst?
'Tis naught to giue aduise in time
that should bene had at furst.
The counsell that comes after all
things ars dispacht at last,
Is like a showre of raine that falls
when sowing time is past.

FOR. Among the rest of all the rout
a passing proper Lasse,
A white haird trull of twentie yeares
or neere about there was.

In stature passing all the rest,
a gallant Girle for hewe:
To be compard with townish Nimphes
so faire shee was to viewe.
Hir forehead cloth with gold was purlde
a little here and theare:
With copper claspe about hir necke
a kerchiefe did shee weare.
That reached to hir breast and paps:
the Wench about hir waste,
A gallant gaudy ribande had
that girt hir body faste.
In Peticote of countrey stuffe
Mockadoe like, shee goes:
'Twas plaited braue, the length was such
it hong nie to hir toes.
As soone as hir the youth had spide,
he perisht by-and-by:
By sight he sucked in the flame,
and meane of wanton eye:
He swallowde vp the blinding fire,
and in his belly plaste
The coles that neither waues coulde
nor rainie imber waste, (quench
No not inchantments, witches wordes,
it clong so close and faste.
Forgetful he of former flocke,
and damage done with waues,

Wil

Was all inraged with this flash,
at night he nought but raues.
The season that for quiet sleepe
by nature poynted was,
In bitter plaintes and cruell cries,
this burning Boy did passe.
I sundry times for pities sake
his growing flame to stay,
And stop the frantike furie, would
to him full often say:
O lamentable lad, what God
hath forcde thée thus to fare?
But sure it was no worke of Gods
that bred this bitter care.
Nay rather was the cruelst impe,
and spitefulst fiend of hel,
Of those with Lucifer that from
the skies to dungeon fel,
That nine dayes space wer tõbling down:
I pray thée make me show
And call to minde where euer yet
thou any man didst know
By foolish loue aduaunced to wealth,
or any office borne:
Or raisde by meanes therof his house,
or stufft his barnes with corne?
Didst euer any know that hath
therby enlargde his bounds:

Increaſt his flocke, or for his hierd,
ygotten frutefull grounds?
Among ſo many countreis tell
me, if thou heardſt of one,
At any time through all the earth,
I thinke was neuer none.
There are that to their bloudy bordes
our crushed bodies beare,
And butcherlike (with greedy teeth)
our rented corpſes teare.
There are, I ſay, whom ſpitefull fiends
vnto ſuche practiſe driue:
Yet is there no ſuch kinde of men
ſo cruell heere aliue:
No countrey is ſo barbarous,
is none ſo ſauage ſecte,
As doth not hate the womans loue
and fanſies fond reiecte.
Thence brawles are bred, thence chidings come,
thence broiling warre and ſtrife
Yea often cke with ſheading bloud
the cruell loſſe of life.
By meanes therof are Cities ſackt,
and Bulwarks beat to ground:
Moreouer Lawes and ſacred Bookes
in yron chaines ybound,
Forbid and giue vs charge to flée
in any caſe his Loue:

With

With woꝛds erꝓreſſy Cupide they
and all his toyes diſꝓroue.
Amyntas had no ſoner heard
the name of Lawes rehearſt,
But aunſwered (toꝛ in Citis he
a Boy was foſtred earſt)
Thou goeſt about to farre ſurmount
by giuing this aduiſe
The Catos both, and to be thought
both circumſpect and wiſe.
This errour and this madneſſe beares
eche where a cruell ſwaye:
Man flattreth with him ſelf, and would
be counted crafty, aye
A creature able to foꝛſée:
yet many a ſnare and gin
And ditche that he him ſelfe hath delu'de
the Wiſer falleth in.
His firſt was frée, but to his necke
him ſelfe did frame the yoke:
In ſeruile chaine him ſelfe he bound,
and bands of frædome bꝛoke.
So weightie are thoſe Lawes (my ſelfe
haue ſéene the Bookes ers this)
As neither ꝓredeceſſours, noꝛ
our ſelues can kéepe ywis:
Noꝛ aftercommers ſhall obſerue
the meaning of the ſame.

Behold the foolish wit of man,
that thinkes such feat to frame,
As to the heauens to aspire:
and hopes at length to get
Among the glistring starres aloft
a stately rome and seat.
Perhaps when life is lost, he shall
into a foule conuart:
And then his feathred soule with wings
to welkin shal depart.
And then (quod I) what brawle is this:
since God did so deuise
The lawes, twere fowle offence for man
his statutes to despise.
FAV. These are debates of great affaires
and weighty things in deede.
FOR. wotst thou what kind of mã I was:
though ragged be my weede,
And I a rastike now to see:
then both in force and minde
And lookes, I was a roysting lad.
Thou shouldst not lightly finde
A shepheard to be matcht with me.
FAV And yet if bolte vpright
Thou stalke with countnance cast aloft
thou wilt appeare in sight,
A second Marius to be:
Let Barbar shaue thy face:

With

With razer, and in countenance thou
wilt matche with Carbos grace.
FOR. Amyntas would like answere make
when I his follie blamde:
But to proceede: when GOD had man
in perfect figure framde,
He did repine thereat, and thought
the pleasures he allowde
Too passing were: and did restraine
our lust with lawe, and bowde
Our Rebel mindes with newe decrées:
as Horsemen vse to tie
Their iades with brakes about the iawes,
for feare they goe awrie.
Herein LOVE makes me shew my mind,
and fansie freely tell:
Who-so debarres his wife to goe
in common, doth not well,
But enuious may accompted be.
But yet this spiteful hate
The cloke of honest custome doth
in some respect abate.
For whilst echs man vnto him-selfe
(not forcing common good)
Reserue de his priuate ioyes, and to
his mariage bargain stood,
A common custome is incrochte
that Honestie is hight:

God sayth to make such pieuish lawes
'twas mad and foolish spight.
A hatefull thing is Loue (God wotte)
and pleasure spitefull eke.
Then I no longer daring to
the Youth athwart to speake,
Shooke of the raging wanton Boy
that seemde bereft of sense:
And on my former voyage I
eftsoone departed thence.

FAV. Dost how this vile Affection fond
our inward eyes of minde
Shuts vp in such despiteous sort,
and makes vs men so blinde,
As headlong we to errors runne
and to deceiptfull snare,
Till time we bee in wilfull trappe
and nipt with cutting care?

FOR Oh, doest ỹ see (frend Faustus) how
the pitchie cloudes vpon
Mount *Baldus* to a cluster goe,
and ioyne them selues in one?
It hayles, for feare our cattell bee
dispersed, let's bee gone.

¶ The. iij. Egloge entituled FAVSTVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Tylmans vveary toile
and troublous life he ſplayes:
And laſt *Amyntas* cruell ſoyle
by franticke Loue bevvrayes.

The ſpeakers names.

Fauſtus. Fortunatus.

FA. THe haile (my friende) from *Baldus*
that yeſterday did fall (mount
(We thanke the Gods, that ſaue our corn)
anoyde vs nought at all.
But Harculus repoꝛted hath
and bꝛuted here a fame,
That in the coaſt was much a-doe
from whence he lately came.
Verona fields were peſtred ſoꝛe,
the cattell with the folde:
The Shepecots and the Barnes the haile
(as he halfe weeping tolde)
Hath ouerwhelmde and laid on ground,
and in ſuch ſoꝛt defaſt:

As all good hope that husbandes had
is quite bereft and past.
For Cattle is the onely wealth
that Country-men enioy,
And Pasture ground, that subiect is
to this and like anoy.
The Citizens haue heaped hoords
and coffers full of pence:
That safely vnder locke do lurke
and nede no other fence.
No haile can hurt, no force of frost
their coffred coine can marre:
No crushing yse nor stormie cloudes
that in the welkin warre.
I wote not who doth rule the windes,
and beares the swinging sway
Among the fell tempestuous Skies:
I wote not what to say.
I know not, no nor though I did,
that knowledge would suffise:
I dare to speake. But what? shall I
for such an enterprise
Be here aliue tormented thus?
if Gods as (men reporte)
The Skies do gouerne from aboue
and rule in such a sorte:
I thinke they force not on the paynes
and troublous toyles of man.

See how with daily sweat of brow
we get as wel's we can
A slender liuing (God he knowes)
behold what cruell paines
The stelly Shepherd for his flocke,
his babes and spouse sustaines.
With too much heate in Sommer cloyde,
in Winter nipte with colde:
The Rainie dayes vpon the ground
we slæpe in Shepecots olde.
And either thousand mischiefs of
the soyle our cattell spill:
Or Coth, and daily vile disease
and thousand daungers kill.
The filtching Theefe doth watch the fold,
the Woulfe doth lye in waite:
The Souldier eke that far excels
the Woulfe for such deceite.
Yea though with daily trade and toile
our hands well hardened be,
And full of knobby hils our fistes,
though visage swart to sæ,
Though staring b[illegible] the beard to view
and shriu led eke the skin:
One showre of haile with sodaine whisk,
makes all not worth a pin.
And this by Gods themselues is done,
to whom we Shepheards war

Do crouche at sacred Altar stone
with twifold bended knee,
and offer holy candles vp.
I wote not what this Pietie
and Clemencie doth meane,
That silly vs poore Shepheards spoiles
of all our substance cleane,
And wraps vs in a thousand ills
that thincke no hurt at all.
FAV. Oh (Fortunatus) our offence
procures these plages to fall.
And light vpon our hatefull heads
that well deserue the same:
The iudgement of our God is iust,
he not deserueth blame.
FOR. What hainous fact of ours I pray?
did we his death conspire?
FAV. For brawles, theft, anger, baudy life,
and lies we haue this hire.
FOR. What haue the good deserued then?
all are not ill alike:
Yet all at once with egall scourge
the hatefull Hag doth strike.
FAV. Oh vile offence, so euill to thincke
of God, is heinous crime:
Wherfore omitting needlesse things
not to be knowen, in time,

Amyn-

The third Egloge.

Amyntas troubles let's repeat
and cares endurde of olde,
Which wée of force by triall know,
let them I say be tolde
Afreshe. For Loue a practise is
full common now a dayes:
A daily trade which ouermuch
the tender youth assayes.
FOR. Friend, mourning, & such like affects
do ouerthrow the hart,
And plages the mind: he tels a wo-
full tale that tasteth smart.
FAV. Well may a man debate of things
as state and time require,
But not of such as hée ne knew:
So Cosmas did aspire
To be accompted wise and graue.
FOR. Thou dost (frend Faustus) well
And wisely: wherfore let's begin
well knowen Loues to tell.
Remaines of good Amyntas rage
and latter fate to rue,
And that vnhappy chaunce of his
with bitter teares pursue,
I saw we, as I by fortune past Narratio.
ertsoone that way againe,
The man inragde: and taking ruth
of sielly Louers paine,

Be-

Beſpake him as I earſt had done.
O wilfull wight (quod I)
That with this fatall venom vile
beſotted ſo doſt lie,
Of whom the people haue their talke
and babble euery day,
Haſt thou not yet put fanſies fonde
and fœlish thought away:
But buried deepe in Loue doſt lie:
what: wilt thou ſpoyle bothe thée
And thine, thy Cattell and thy Cote
as earſt did Sampſon hée
That Giant huge that halde the houſe
and roofe vpon his hed:
When crooked limping age ſhall come
and braue Iuuenta fled,
(If Fates allow thée olde to be)
who will relieue thée than
Poore, idle, drouſie, ſenſeleſſe wight,
and feeble forceleſſe man,
All theſe (vnleſſe vntimely death
preuent) with Age will growe.
Go to, haſt home, be ware and wiſe,
and whither theu doſt goe
Take heede, and ſhun the place wher hurt
may fortune to ariſe:
Be ware (I ſay) thy future ſtate
forecaſt with carefull eyes.

Diſcerns

Discerne the path thou mindst to pace,
and fixe thou fast in minde,
That man in womans pleasures and
delights is not affinde
To waste away his youthfull Prime.
For why the foolish toy
And wicked lust of wanton Loue
doth tender age annoy.
Euen I that Cattell haue good store
and milke and chéese ynow,
Liue hardly, and do weare away
the woorld with sweat of brow
And much adoe God wote. For why
our fields did faile of late,
Such néede doth raigne in euery place
we are at beggars state.
So many heauy haps we haue,
such mischiefs daily light,
Such crabbed lucke as all the woorld
is now in piteous plight.
Giue eare to things not heard alone
or spred by bruted fame,
For many yeares agoe betide,
my selfe haue séene the same:
And at this day do daily viewe,
the proufe doth now appeare.
As custome is, in Month of Maie
I earst my Shéepe did sheare,

And

And thrée-score pounds of passing woll
betime to sale did sette:
But now a-dayes I thought alike
like gaines therby to gette,
And scarse could kéepe my flock alius
and Winter fodder buie,
In frost and snow the cruell wants
of pasture to supplie.
Oh Lord (Amyntas) how my folke
shall liue I know not I.
Who so doth loue, vnto his Lasse
must many presents send:
But thou whom scarce a house to dwell
would cruell Fortune lend,
Where day and night is want of wealth
and lacke of golden fée,
How canst thou shift to send thy Trull
ought that may gratefull bée?
Care this suffisde vnto a Mayde
ten appels gay to bring,
A Garland freshe of fragrant floures,
a Neast of birdes to sing.
I knew when in as great a price
the countrie maides did holde
A Garland, as a better gift:
but nowe from grasse to golde
They are ascended, Loue is now
become a stately thing:

The

The third Egloge.

The auncient custome is decayde
new lawes do daily spring
As touching trade of greedy Loue,
they gape for greater gaine,
With angry brow and lowring looke
repleate with soule disdaine
To me perswading thus bespake
Amyntas. Friend (quod hee)
Friend Fortunatus, if thou long
to purchase ease to mee
And wished comfort to reduce,
allow me that I Loue:
That onely thing my cankred griefe
and gripings may remoue.
The rest thou babblest torments are,
this furie wil not stint
Nor rooted be from out my heart.
Within my breast the print
And Image of the Virgin sits.
With me shee soiournes aye:
With me shee goes and makes retourne,
when I retourne by daye.
At night with me shee lodgeth eke
and sleepes in selfe same bed.
Shee hath so seazde vpon my bones,
my marrow, heart, and hed,
As neuer may shee well depart
till life these lummes hath fled.

And as, what time a tender slippe
cutte from a soraine tree
Is grafte into another stocke
their natures ioyned bee,
And so by growth become as one:
euen so the Virgins grace
And Image of hir comely looke
and Idol of hir face
Was planted deepe within my brest,
our harts became as one,
Both one our minds, the difference
twixt hir and me was none.
One sense, one soule did serue vs both
our limmes so linckt were.
Oh happy I, if when my corse
shall dead be plac'd on Bere,
And fatall Sisters shrid my twist
and finger close mine eye,
I might twixt those hir Lillie armes
and pappes in bosome lye:
With heauy hed when soule were past
and linely line icutte,
That shee these dying eyes of mine
mought with hir finger shutte.
And might with shrill and dolefull voyce
bewepe my beauie fate:
And poure hir christal teares adowne
for losse of louing mate.

Where

Where to the blessed Fields that are
allotted to the good
After life do passe: or forcde
downe to the *Stygian* flood
And fiery streame of *Phlegeton*
these freatting fits abide:
Wée neither paine withouten thée
nor pleasure shall betide.
O *Dryads*, and ye sacred *Nimphs*
of floures that haue the care,
O Sire Syluanus that doest rule
where pleasant arbours are:
I pray you garde amid your mounts,
and shadie vales belowe
The swéete and smelling floures that
within your circuits growe,
(The beautie of the Country fieldes
and queachie Groues we haue)
Do hedge your bounds from hading flocks
the floury soyle to saue.
Reserue (I pray you) them till nède
to decke the Herse withall
Of my swéete wench when shée by strocks
of dreadfull death shall fall.
Then, then let all the ground be strowde,
let garlands then be plide:
At time of death and buriall of
my Loue hir Herse to hide.

Periedes the penſiue *Nimphes*
at hand ſhall then be preſt,
With weeping eyes lamenting of
the Graue ſo gaily dreſt.
And ſhall inſculpe theſe wofull words
vpon the Marble ſtone,
Of after comers to be read
when we are paſt and gone.
Here buryed lyes a Laſſe
that vvanted nought at all,
Saue that shee cruell vvas,
a ſacred Saynt to call
Oh Virgin if ſo great a fire
did burne within thy bones
By thouſand Scyllas and as ma-
ny Charybds I at ones
Would ſwim to thée to bréed thy eaſe:
thou feller than a ſnake
Doſt fix thy friend. But what néede I
ſo much adoe to make:
And blame the wight: ſhée knowes me not.
No doubt if ſo the maide
Had vnderſtanding what I were,
ſhée would procure mine aide.
There can not be a braſen breaſt
where doth ſuch feature flow:
But yet we muſt not ouermuch
beléeue the flattring brow.

For often vnder smoothest skin
doth lurke a cankred minde:
And vnder friendly forhead is
a hatefull heart to finde.
I will goe talke and let hir witte
of this my hidden fire.
But oh, if shee would wrie hir lokes,
and barre me my desire:
To teares my Christall eyes would soone
conuert as you should see,
My wofull breast to sobbing sighes
transformed straight would bee.
And though shee hate me (cruell) aye
and flee hir friend apace:
Yet me this wasting care will still
pursue in every place.
Fare well yee Physicke artes, for I
am not to be recurde:
Adiew yee eke to fetche from Hell
the soules that are inwrde,
With Magicke verse and Witches call,
(vngodly thing to leeue)
Farewell yee all that vainely hope
with boteleste words yee geeue,
The stelie mindes of Gods to wrest:
for now I see the Skies
Are cruell foes of mine and will
not bend for all my cries.

Impacient furie drawes me on,
it doth me good alone
To range the hilles, and wander through
the woods and caues vnknowne
The doutful dennes of dreadful Beasts.
Him speaking thus I thought
And went about with friendly wordes
to wreak, but all for nought.
The cureleſſe vvound by no meanes can
to perfect ſtate be brought.
Ye mid the ſilent Night amids
the fields would rangle aye:
In bushy Launds with waking eyes
he walkt at creeke of day.
The Wilding was his onely foode,
the Crab he vſde to crash:
And with a draught of water he
his thirſtie iawes did waſh
And was therwith right well content.
At length vnhappie Lad
When he his many wofull cries
and ſchritches yelled had,
When teareleſſe wore his waſted eyes,
and drie for want of weeke,
When he with oft rebounding ſobbes
his bulke had all to bette:
Came gentle Death, and quiet brought
to his vnquiet ſtay.

The

The Carcas dead and brethleſſe Corps
that there vnterred lay
Withouten honor of the graue
the Sauage beaſts by night,
And greédie tyring filthy Foules
by day deuoured quight.
FAV. Oh murrein vile and fatall ginne,
that with thy venomde dartes
The bulkes of men doeſt pierce, and poy-
ſned ſhafts our mortall harts,
And makſt vs brutiſh ſéeme to ſight,
no bet than ſauage are.
What cuppe of Circes, or Calip-
ſo might with this compare?
What drench might Stix or Phlegeton,
or Furies worſſe deuiſe?
O doltes that LOVE accompt a God,
O blinde and bleared eyes.
Is God a Nature hurtfull? No.
Where-euer he doth wonne,
Ye ruthfull is to man, and doth
no yll, of derter dwne.
FOR. Oh Wofull wretched Boy that in
thy tender yeares didſt die:
what time ỳ thou wert born what ſtarres
bare ſway in ſwinging ſkie?
What part of welkin wrought thy wo,
that did deſerue no ill?

What cursed corner of the Heauens
did thee vntimely kill?
Yet was not all the Heauen thy foe,
thou couldst as well as wee
With Oaten quill and pleasant pipe
make iolly game and glee.
Had not this ouer hastie death
thy life so soone oppressed,
Thou hadst deseru'de Parnassus crowne
and Laurell with the best.
No better Tytirus (belou'de
of his Alexis) rong
Of cruell fight, of dreadfull warre,
and of his tillage song
Than thou: for why thy timely ripe
capacitie was knowne
To vs, it did presage what fruite
in time thou wouldst haue sowne.
No vulgar triall of thy skill,
and towarde witte was seene:
It well declarde if thou hadst liude
what thou wouldst after beene.
Now mought'st thou ben accompted thou
the glory and the praise
Of all our soyle, not such a one
did liue in these our dayes.
Thee Padus, and with weeping browes
our Mincius did lament,

Yet

The fourth Egloge.

Yea *Nimphs* themselues: as Hebrus earst
for Orpheus was bedrent
With trickling showres of falling teares.
The maister shepheards all
Did rue thy death as Daphnis earst
was pitied for his fall.
The all the Champion fields about,
both hill and vale doe crie:
And all the Pasture grounds did list
their clamours to the skie.
O shepheards with sweet smelling flowres
bestrow his bitter graue:
The song of Priest and fuming Tensle,
(Oh, yearely) let him haue.
Yee Poets eke eternall rest
wishe to his graued Ghost.
FAV. But what? (Amyntas) thou dost lodge
in farre a better coast
Than wee, in Fields for happy soules
allotted thou dost wonne:
And we below in Earth bewaile
thy Cliple of life begonne.
FOR. I knew we should lament to day,
for yesternight I sawe
Such cruell sights amid my sléepe,
as bred my present awe.
But now you see the night is come,
descending of the Sunne

In cloud, declares that showʒs at hand,
wherfoʒe tis time to run
To fold our flocke. And Faustus thus
my wofull Tale is done.

¶ The. iiij. Egloge entituled ALPHVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

HEre *Ianus* shewes the Gote was lost,
he telles the curssed Fate
And doth bewray the bedlam Boyes
vnhappy frantike state.
And by the way good *Alphus* he
to quite his fellowes paine:
The kinde of woman doth depaint
and makes their maners plaine.
Let neuer honest *Lucrece* lowre,
let no good *Grisell* grutch:
For neither *Alphus* here, nor I
the modest matrone toutch.
We nippe the cruell cankred crue
with beautie that allure,
And hauing thralde the miser, seeke
no salue his sore to cure:

But

But take delight vvith ſcornefull chere
and face of foule diſdaine
Like Vipers vile to fovve the ſeedes
of our faſt ſpringing paine.
Thoſe, thoſe are they that *Mãinã* means
thoſe *Alphus* doth declare:
And I (the Poet to explane)
thoſe Dames no vvhit vvill ſpare.

The ſpeakers names.

Alphus. *Ianus.*

AL. MOre leane (Oh Ianus) ſæmes thy
than ere he was of yore: (goate
For lufty he his hornes ere this
into the Welkin bore.
But grousling now on ground he lies
with lyther lolling eares,
Ye ſmelles to graſſe, to touch the herbs
at length of lips he feares.
IA. Ye droupes, and of his drouping doth
a pleaſant ieſt ariſe:
Which leke how oft I mind, doth make
me laugh with ſmiling eyes.
And yet it is not ſpread abroade,
but when the brute is blowne,
And that through euery countrey is
this pleaſant ſtory knowne,

Then

Then all the world wil laugh therat.
AL. (O Ianus) thou ere this
Werte woont to tell a mery iest
in merriest wise iwis,
And with a swéete delighting voyce:
Wherfore I pray thée now
Declare me why the Goat doth droupe,
and tell how fell it how?
IA. God is my iudge 'twas neuer fainde
of me, but done in déede,
And lately too: But shall I tell
the tale withouten méede?
And chat for nought and wast my winde?
Nay, what wilt giue to mée?
What shall I haue for telling of
this iest beglarde with glée?
AL. O friend, when so the Nightingale
(that Philomela hight)
Hath built hir nest, and sits a broode,
I will thy trauaile quight.
IA. Who so doth make such rash behests
by daily proufe we sée,
Performes not pacted promise, but
his touch is woont to flée.
AL. Nay, who so lends such light beliefe
distrust doth beare in breast.
But for you shall be sure that I
niil play the guilefull guest,

Take

The fourth Egloge.

Take heere a pledge of promise made
and bargaine earst by mée:
Take here (I say) from out my case
two Flights that farre will flée.
IA. I will begin: O sacred *Nimphs*
Parnasides I pray
Do moue your iawes, and guide my tong
that I may well display
My welbeloued Goates mishap
and misaduenture fell:
And graunt that Alphus Nightingale
may hatche hir yenglings well,
That I may haue that he behight
for this good tale I tell.
With pennie I a Lad did hire
my little flocke to keepe:
I gaue him charge and ouerlight
of all my fleazie sheepe.
He kept both Kids and females eke,
and Ramme goates two with care:
And ouer-look'd my flocke that I
the Stripling could not spare.
Till time at last by Fortune he
a prettie Maiden sawe,
(That hither came of purpose bent
at water place to drawe
Such water as suffis'de hir tourne)
and liked hir so well

As

As he (good Boy) by feature of
her face to fansie fell.
And from that time and dolefull day
so dumpish he became,
As lesse regarde he had of shéepe,
(the greater was his shame)
Lesse forced he since that the foldes
and quight bereft of witte
He seemde: So déepe within his brest
the Virgins shape did sitte.
When hée on bed to quiet nap
his weary limmes did lay:
Where sléeping he or waking were
'twas very harde to say.
For when he was wide waking he
such frantike coyle would kéepe
As though (his reason quite bereft)
his wittes were gone to sléepe.
So dreaming was this Boy to sight,
so lumpishe wore the Lad:
In sort, that gazers on surmisde
that he no senses had.
This Boy bent to refresh (I say)
his overtired minde
With sporting play, about the hornes
with twig this Goate did binde
Among the thickest of the Briers
and bushy Laundes belowe:

And

And so to passe away the time
away the Boy did goe.
(And now foure dayes are past and gone)
thus hée the Goate did tie:
The strongest of the With, and hard-
nesse of the Hornes to trie.
Meane-while the woods he went about
and raundge the bushes rounde,
To sée where that within the place
might any birds be founde.
The Mayde resorted to his thought
and vndercrept his hart:
The comely countnance of the Trull
could neuer thence depart,
Nor beautie of hir bourly breast
his musing minde forgoe,
The partes not to be namde he rolde
within his bulke belowe.
Meane-whyle the Sunne had lodgde his light,
that silly sotted Wome
Vnmindfull of his hamperd beast
a fielde, came late to home.
Amid the night he calde to minde
that foolish facte of his:
And thinking to go lose the Goate
in all the hast he rise.
And whilst with fearefull fote he pac'de
through Dampes as darke as Hell,

Where

Where lay much chaffe and rotten straw,
into a Dike he fell:
A place of purpose made to take
the sauage Beastes by night,
A hollow vault and dungeon deepe
to steepe for any wight
Once being in, to clamber vp.
Thus was the Goate by him
Fast bound with twigs, the Page in pit
ycaught and dungeon dim.
No Shepheard kept the beasts as then,
'twas well neere three a clocke:
I musde, and went my selfe about
and numbred all the flocke.
I miss'd the Goate, and maruelde much
what of the beast became,
I sought about the fields: at last
I calde the Boy by name.
(I tell but truth) I stode in feare
least he by Magike meane
And Sorcerie had ben raisde to Skies,
and Goate dispatched cleane.
For Hags and Witches by report
are caught amids the night
Much like, and far to Banquets borne
quite out of cry and sight.
This dreading, I to Pasture ground
did bring my sheepe at last

To

To fede their filles, and whilst that I
did wander all agast
In irkesome shades and vgglis nookes,
and entred in the Groue:
I heard afarre the braying of
my Goats, and how he stroue
With punching hornes and pushing pats
against the Wyth a good
I plainly sawe, and how he bette
the Bushe gainst which he stood.
This gastfull thing affrighted me,
and monstrous sight to viewe
Unlooked for. But when at length
my sielly Beast I knew
And bolder wore, I went me in
among the brakes in hast:
With hooke I hewd the brambles downe
and bushy briers at last.
As late in euening home I hide,
all round about the field
A girning route of grinning folkes
by fortune I beheld.
Approching nærer to the prealle
mæ eche began to græte
As soone's they knew what man I was,
and friendly did entreate.
Lo hære (quod they) O Ianus is
a little Lad of thine

Tame vp a Woulfe his denne of late
a deepe and daungerous Mine.
Ye wandring late about the Downes
did happen (to his paine)
Vpon this caue, but now both Goate
and he be found againe.
The Goate that had this cruell hap
as yet vnlucky is:
But yet the foolish boy of both
most frantike is iwis.
The Virgin hearing that the Lad
did loue hir passing well:
Eftsone as proude as Pecocke wore
and with disdaine did swell.
And making wise shee had not wist
the cares he did indure,
Pretended honest life, the more
the stripling to allure.
And to increase hir beautie more
shee deckes both face and breast
In finest wise, and in hir gate
hir lookes to ground shee kest.
Thus Foxelike shee with simple shewe
and seeming to the eyes,
In double breast and subtill heart
hir craftie meaning plies.
These are the trickes that women vse,
this is the sleightfull gin:

These are the cruell weapons that
the mindes of men do win.
Thus hoping he his Gallant girle
to conquers at the last,
His wages scorne, and plide his loue,
and followes hir in hast,
Wherfore now leauing Cart and plough
and Oxen all alone,
To Shepheards toyle I will retourne.
Fraile youth (the more the mone)
Is vassall to this furie fell
and to this folly thrall:
It wanders rounde about this coast,
and ouerturneth all.
A L. Lo, see what witte can deuise
by Fortune comes to thought:
O wondrous chaunce, O happy happe
that this to minde hath brought.
O famous ieste for two monthes spaces
well able glee to make:
God faithe for thee the Nightingale
now sittes a-brode in brake.
But that which thou of subtill sleight
of craftie Lasse did sing,
What Vmber earste of womans guile
hath wrote, to minde doth bring.
I A. O tell vs Vmbers merry Verse
if thou hast ought in store,

Nowe out withall: they say he wroke
a stately stile of yore.
AL. 'Tis as thou telst, but for my tale
what recompence remaines?
What thanks shall I? what guerdon haue
for vndertaken paines?
IA. Go to, Ill stande to bargaine made
Kéepe thou those dartes of mine.
AL. Ianus, whilst I goe behinde
that yonder sedge, repine
Not thou to driue along my flocke
but force them onwarde still,
For feare least in my absence they
the neighboure Vine do spill.
IA. Damme I say, that for thy hornes
the Diuell doest represent,
To enter in the Vine thou aye
with cankred minde arte bent.
Thou neuer wilt be ware and wise,
till from thy forehead I
With cruell yron for the nones
doe reaue thée either eye:
And make them leaue: that pieuish pate
and horned head of thine:
Will not a hundred Acres serue
but thou must to the vine?
AL. Oh, now at my retourne I haue
reuokte to minde somewhat

Of

Of those selfe things we mentiond earst,
of all I can not chat.
But Vmber wilt of erie thing,
that man by wisdome knowes:
The skie, ỳ Stars, ỳ ground, the winds,
the Sea, the flouds that flowes.
The Fountains eke and spouting spṛings,
at *Rhodop* he hath bene:
Epyrus fiery mountaines he
and *Ossa* earst hath sene.
The soyle of *Fraunce*, and *Araris*,
both *Rhodan*, *Tyber*, *Pade*:
And out of curious Gréeke he hath
his Latin méeter made.
A wozthy wight foz either speach,
and skilde in either tong,
As wel's the best that euer yet
hath Latin verses song.
Yim specially the lerned Gréekes
repined sozе to sée
Arcadians, Thrace and Thessalie
our Countreyman to bée.
Yis doctrine and his trade of life
good Candid followed aye
That dwels heereby, he skilfull is
he shall declare the way
And ready path to vs: meane while
let Dzephierds vs assay

With ioylie blast of puffing breath
on Oten pipe to play.
But first of all I pray the *Nimphs*
heere preest to be in place:
But chiefe Polymnya, for they say
shee hath the goodliest grace.
Narratio. These Women are a seruile sect,
curst, cruell, puft with pride:
Reiecting lawes, refusing meane,
from reason wandring wide.
They scorne the boundes of better life,
extremes are best in price:
What they attempt is rashly done
and quite without aduice.
A Woman eyther not prouokt
like Leade full lumpish lies:
Or bring once stirrde vp, too fast
about hir things shee hies.
Aye Winterlike, a frowning cheare
and frostie face shee beares:
Euen as the Dogge with cruell starre
the singed soile that seares.
Shee neuer keepes the golden meane:
for either passing well
Shee loues thee, or with mortall hate
pursues thy ghost to Hell.
If graue shee couet for to seeme,
too grimme becomes hir grace:

Shée powteth then and fiercely frownes.
But if with friendly face
Shée long to looke, hir grauitie
is banisht out of place,
Those lookes demure and Patrone like
leude laughter hath in chace.
Straight Giglot like shée wareth light,
shée grins with childish cheare:
In smiling brow a Whorish mirth
doth shiningly appeare.
Shée sobs, shée laughs, right-wise shée is
as franticke as a Hare:
Oppreſt wt trembling feare shée quakes
and yet too much doth dare.
Shée will, shée will not, euer ſo
hir thoughtes contrary are.
Vnconstant, light, vaine, chatting, and
a double tong doth beare,
Presumptuous, threatfull, thirsting blood,
disdainefull crye wheare.
Vile, grédy, catching, quareling ays
and strouting full of hate:
Of light beliefe, and bent to lies,
impatient of hir state.
A costly charge, to quaffing giuen,
rashe, bitter, iesting, light,
Ambitious, Soccresse, brothel bande,
with superstition fright,

To laasse, greedy gutted, and
to Lechers lust inclinde:
Sweet mowthde, venerious, wanton, of
too nice and daintie kinde.
To flattrie bent and painting of
hir face with forraine freake:
Shee keepes in cankred heart hir hate
till time shee may awreake
And be auenged of hir foe,
vnfaithfull thanklesse rake.
Malicious, hastie in reuenge,
bolde, bedlam, wrangling wight,
A rebell, stubborne, stiffe as stake.
Shee takes a great delight
To cast in teethe hir olde good tournes:
if any hir accuse
Of guiltie crime, with Tragike voyce
hir selfe shee will excuse.
Shee mumbles to hir selfe, shee stirres
debate, shee forceth nought
Of promise made, shee friendship scornes,
and euer hath in thought
Hir priuate gaine and no mans elfe:
shee iestes, shee flatters aye
Shee telles thy counsell, and as shee
thy secretes doth bewray,
With bitter scoffe shee payes thee home,
shee trifling newes doth spred

Among

Among the people, and doth adde
to euery tale a shred.
And of a hillocke makes a mount.
Shee doth dissemble sore,
Shee makes in wise, and beares in hand
and learned hath of yore
Untruthes and leasings to deuise,
to craft shee wants no art:
Shee wots well how to euery chaunce
hir countnance to conuart.
Man can not well auoide hir guile,
nor shunne hir Forely drifts:
So many are hir mischeous craftes,
so sundry are hir shifts,
And subtile sleightes hir craft to cloake.
Yea and put case that thou
With present eye beholde hir feates,
yet shee with shamelesse brow
Will dare excuse committed crimes:
by cloaking craft shee can
And double dealing of the minde
delude the sense of Man.
We wot not how to credit ought
that hir report doth blow:
And yet if shee would haue vs thinke
that all shee sayes is so,
We can not but beleeue the same
shee driues vs to affie:

Hereto examples may perſuade.
What curſſed crime to trie
Hath not a Woman had the heart
and ventrous hand of yore?
Tarpeia to hir countrey foes,
(that mortall hatred bore
To Romaines ſtate) the Capitoll
did yelde, in hope to haue
The Jewels that about the wriſts
of Souldiers gliſtred braue.
Medea with hir babes bloud,
imbrued hir beaſtly handes,
Faire Helen thouſand Barges brought
vnto *Ægean* landes.
For Minos loue (hir fathers foe)
whome Scylla did purſue,
She reft the Princes Purple locke,
and from hir countrey fleme.
Hir Brother beaſtly Byblis lou'd,
with Father Myrrha lay:
Semyramis that aged Queene
of *Babylon* (they ſay)
Hir ſonne King Ninus out of kinde
did kanſie (fleſhly Dame:)
Eriphile at ſiege of *Thebes*
(to hir eternall ſhame)
For golden Orb betraide hir Spouſe
Amphiaraus hight:

King

King Danaus daughters did to death
their husbands in a night.
The *Thracian* Wiues wō cruell clambes
the Poet Orpheus rent:
Pasiphae that wanton Wenche
(to worke hir fowle intent)
In Mynos absence closde in Cowe,
was couerde of a Bull:
Hippolit Phædra went about
from honest life to pull.
Rebecca Isaac did deceiue,
and blearde his aged eyes,
And did the sonne that Iacob hight
in Goates long hairy slise.
That curssed Deianira gaue
vnto hir manly fére
The fatall venome, he (good man)
did vie the shirt to déere.
Hippodame beguilde hir sire,
and stopt his vitall breath
By matche with Pelops, and procurde
therby his hastie death.
Lauynia wrought the *Troians* woe,
and bredde a broyle in fielde:
Hir Turnus would haue had to wife,
Æneas would not yélde.
Achyllis chiefraine of the *Greekes*,
from battaile Brysis drawe:

Duke

Duke Agamemnon all inragde
with Chryſis beautie brane
Did freate and fume in furious wiſe
and felt Apollos wrath:
And curſſed Eue from bleſſed fieldes
mankinde expelled hath.
Beleeue me (Shephierds) for I ſweare
by Gods that haue the care
Of Countrey ſoyle: If you wil haue
your Cattle well to fare,
Your Paſtures fitte for feeding flockes
and wanting all diſeaſe,
If hoe you haue of ſhepe, of peace,
of life and quiet eaſe:
Abandon all theſe fooliſhe Girles,
let Wanton wenches goe,
Doe from your ſheepecotes ſhift away
all Women leſſe and moe.
Let Theſtilis and Phillis walke,
beare Galathea grudge:
Force you Neera nought at all,
let fine Lycoris trudge.
Do, make me ſhowe what woman ere
went downe to darkſome Hell,
And came from thẽce, or tidings brought
from ſuche as there doe dwell:
Eurydice might haue returnde
if ſhe had had the wit,

And

And come from shade to sunne againe,
to light from lothsome Pit.
Proserpine eke whome Pluto stole
and had conuaide away,
Hir wearie mother Ceres shunde
with grisly King to stay.
But good Aeneas shapt retowze,
and Orpheus did the leeke:
Alcydes eke that Champion stout
and thrice renoumed Greeke.
Duke Theseus and the brothers both,
of whome one quailes his foes
With fight on horsebacke, tother aye
on foote to wrestling goes.
And our Redeemer, highest GOD,
whence life and comforte flowes,
Went downe to Hell, and rose againe
as all the worlde knowes.
These (Shepherds) these are mysteries
to be obserud of you:
By nature Man and kinde is bent
all filthie things t'eschue.
Infamous places most delight
and fansie Womans minde.
Turn as the Seaman driuen on
the Rockes with waue and winde,
Knowes how the daungers to declare
vnto his other Mates:

So he full well of former happes
and future chaunce debates,
And tells what Fortune wil befall
by likelihode at the leaſt:
Whoſe waſted yeares haue planted wit
within his aged breaſt.
If ſtellie Foules the Eagle flie,
if Buckes the net do ſhunne,
If bleating Lambs auoide the Woulfe,
if Dære from Dogge do runne:
Then (Shephierd) oh why doſt not thou
from womans flattrie flæ:
And trudge from hir with ſpædie flight
that ſo anoyeth thæ:
As ruthfull they as Crocodile,
or beaſt *Hyena* hight.
The viler miſchiefe they pretend
when to the outward ſighte
They deawe their chækes with trickling
and vſe their ſwæteſt call:
Then they conſpire thy cruell death
(fell Monſters) moſt of all.
O Shephierd ſhun the Womans loke
and flie hir flæring face:
For harling nets and hurtfull ginnes
are pight in beauties place.
Repoſe no truſt in manly force,
in prowesſe or in might,

Truſt

Truſt not Duke Perſeus glitring ſhield
that made the ſturdy Knight
Of fell Meduſas crawling Snakes
to bide the vgly ſight.
Earſt, many Monſters haue ſubdude,
and gaſtly Giants quelde,
Huge Cities ſackt, and in their handes
whole Seas and Hauens helde,
With ſlowing fieldes and haughtie hils
that ſeemde to touch the Skie:
And other ſome haue wonne the ſpurres
for noble Chiualrie.
Yet thoſe that valiantly atchieude
and did theſe feates of fame,
And conquerde all, a Woman hath
(the more theſe Princes ſhame)
As captiues caught, and brought to yoke.
That Shephierd that was King,
And wore the Lions hairy ſpoile
and warrde with weakefull ſling:
And eke his ſonne that worthy Prince
King Salomon by name,
The ſacred Temple (Syon clept)
who firſt of all did frame:
And Sampſon he whome neuer man
could deale withall in fielde,
All theſe (I ſay) for all their force
to Womans yoake did yelde.

Leſt

Lesse hurtes the fiery flashing flake,
let raggie rockes anoy,
And lesse the Cleaue that Adam did
expell from heauenly ioy:
Lesse spoiles the spitefull steely Speare
and dreadfull darte of Death,
That quite cuts off the line of life
and reaues the vitall breath,
Than woman doth our daily foe:
who neuer well content
With beauties beames ỳ Nature gaue,
doth aye with care inuent
A thousand meanes to make it more
and fairer to the eyes.
A golden glistring Fillet to
hir forehead shee applies,
With Purple hue hir paalie cheekes
shee paintes and daily dies.
By Arte hir lockes shee settes in place
and deckes and dils hir pate:
By Arte shee tempers all hir lookes,
by Arte shee guides hir gate.
Shee runnes before with scudding skips
the louing man to lure
And bring to place for follie fitte:
although shee looke demure
And giue the nay, with all hir heart
shee would on him bestow

His

His suite, shée striues, but gladly would
be conquerde of the foe.
A Woman to the Northeast winde
may well compared bée,
That gathers vp the cloud, and straighte
doth force the same to flée
Abrode by guilefull puffe againe
and bitter windie blast:
So shée allures, and then shée lowres
vpon hir Loue at last.
By triall I that finde it true
do will thée to beware
(Whilst yet thou maist) ỹ lothsome tricks
that in these Women are.
But homely they by nature are,
by Arte they waren braue:
By day 'tis all the worke they doe,
their dreames thereof they haue.
They pluck off hairs where néed requires
they washe, they paint and sléeke:
They chamfer, purle, anoint and smoothe
and practise other léeke.
Deceite they are from toppe to toe,
all craft and trifling toyes:
All stuffit with venome rancke and vile,
that gazers on anoyes.
Of Glasse shée takes hir counsell aye
for ought shée puts in vre:

By viewe thereof she learnes to mone
hir lippes and lookes demure.
Shee learnes to craft by gaze of Glasse,
to smyle with flattering glose:
Shee wags hir hench that hangs behind
and shoulders as shee goes.
What meanes that bare & naked breast
and open clyft a hie
That makes the double path betwixt
the dangling Dugs to lie?
Nought else (good fayth) but for the force
of poyson should oppresse
The Sense the more, and Stygian flame
within the heart increase.
These are the Rocks of retchlesse Age,
and *Syrts* that threaten wracke:
These *Scyllas* and *Charybdes* are
the corses of Youth to cracke.
These are the Foules that *Harpeis* hight
that with their fylth defile
The chamber, parler, bord and streate,
and make the temples vile,
Pollute the path, the Champion fields,
the Sea, the floud, the hill,
These gastly *Gorgons* are that earst
in *Lybie* land did kill,
And that with monstrous glowing lookes
to Stones did men conuarte,

And wrecked Nature from hir kinde
by cruell curssed Arte.
Thus by the way (as you haue heard)
the learned Vmbers verse
Recyted is, and we are they
that did the Ryme reherse.
Which if you deeme excessiue long,
remember that the blame
Is in the thing it selfe, the Verse
doth not deserue the same.
The Verse is not so long, as is
these Womens frantick fitte.
O noble aged famous wight
(of whome for worthy witte
The boasting *Vmbria* brags & vauntes,
and *Tyber* neighbour place
Thereto) twas not without desert
that Martiall Romaine race
Of thee accompted earst so well:
the noble Citie knewe
Thy passing wit, and pleasaunt vaine.
the learned Muses rue
Both Greekes and Latines thy decease.
I wish thy corps in graue
With ease to lie, and golden soule
in Skies hir seate to haue.

¶ The. v. Egloge entituled CANDIDVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Syluanus seemes to muse
at Poets idle life:
Himselfe not ouer hastie yet
by gift to ease their griefe.
But *Candid* (Poet poore)
bewailes the present time:
VVherin the Learned loathed are,
and such as maken Rime.
Siluanus vvealthie vvas
vvell storde of stuffe at home:
But carefull *Candid* vvant of goodes
enforcde abrode to rome.
But yet for all his toyle
and trauaile long sustainde:
For all his learned vaine in Verse
no vvhit this Poet gainde.
VVhich makes the man the more
gainst vvealthie vvights to vvarre:
For somevvhat he deserude to finde
that trauailde had so farre.

The speakers names.

Syluanus. *Candidus.*

SIL.

The fifth Egloge.

SIL. O Candid, thou ere this
diost vse a common trade,
With vs to fæde thy flocke a-fields
and Pipe in pleasaunt shade.
To chat in merry wise,
and wrestle now and than:
But nowe me thinkes thou art become
an other kinde of man.
As though thou didst both loath
the Shephierdes and their soile:
Thou flæst the fieldes, and scornst to sing,
a flæpie dumpish droile.
You that at home haue store
of goodly housholde stuffe,
Whose Kie haue dangling Vdders downe
and morning Milke ynouffe:
Whose flockes do fill the paile
euen to the vpper brimme,
Whose Hierds do make the croked Cans
with whalming whay to swimme:
Whose bordes with Bankets braue
and fattie Feastes do reake,
In commendation of a Verse
and praise of Poets speake.
If ought be well deuisde
you giue a chearefull crie:
And to the hearing of the same
a pleasant eare applie.

SIL.

Vaine praise and painted woordes
in recompence you giue:
Meane while the shepherd hunger sterude
in thirst and colde doth liue.
SIL. Can he not both attend
his flocke, aud otherwhile
At vacant time make Verses, and
all cankred cares exile?
And wast his dayes in sport,
and leade his life at lust
As best contents his liking minde?
CAN. No (friend) a Shephierd must
All laysure time vnto
his Cattle well implie,
Trot out in hast, retourne in poast,
and bout his matters hie:
Keepe off the barking Woulfe,
close vp his flocke in folde,
Vine strawe and fodder to sustaine
his Beasts from Winter colde:
For meate and drinke puruey,
no leysure time remaines.
A Verse it is a stately thing
and craues a cruell paines,
And all the braine (siluanus) beates,
and stirring Senses straines.
Both these are weighty woorkes
and ouermuch for me:

When

When I haue song I am full drie,
my lippes ypartched be,
And no man giues me drinke:
some other scoffe a-good,
And say me thinkes your cloake is thin,
your haire growes through your hood:
Your hose are crackt at knee,
your beard is bristled sore.
Now naked Trees vnuested are,
the frostie hils are hore.
I chaufe, I sorrow eke,
and daylie do disdaine:
The cost of needefull cates consumes
and weares away my gaine,
Both Wooll and Cattle male.
We keepe the females aye,
But for they fostred are with milke
we make nor cheese nor whaye,
They drie the strouting Tets.
It yrks me of my witte
(If any lodge within my Skull)
and skill a Verse to write,
It loathes me of my life
this cruell chaunce to see,
That none of all the shining Starres
is friendly light to me.
Thou wottst full well that I
for nought these many dayes

Yaue song. I wanted sewe good things
as then: now Youth decayes,
And limping Age is at
another kinde of stay,
Which now encrocheth on a pace,
it reaues our wealth away.
Then strength begins to faile,
no lucres hope remaines.
Then must we vse our gotten goodes,
and wast our coffred gaines.
Wherfore now time requires
and bids vs looke about:
See how the Ant a little beast
(I put thee out of doubt)
But circumspect and wise,
in Sommer drags to Caue
And hides the Graine in hole, his life
in Winter time to saue.
And, least the Corne should sprouts
and so escape his might,
The buried graine with gredie mouth
this siellie Beast doth bite.
SIL. They say there are that knowe
what Fortune shall betide
By Starres that rule at time of birthe,
and they doe thus decide.
The Poetes they were wont
to Mercurie to assigne,

And

And noble Péeres are vnder loue
whose soueraigne Scepters shine.
Them mightie loue allowes
the Golde and Kingly seate:
Mercurius giues those other wit,
tong, harpe and Uerses feate.
That is thy lotted hap,
why doest thou gape for pelfe?
God doth distribute néedefull things
as he doth sée himselfe
What is for our availe:
wherefore accept thy share
And liue content, resigne the rest
to vs that wealthie are.
CAN. Thou riches hast at will,
I Uerse and Poets trade:
Why crau'st thou then my Uerse, and dost
anothers bowndes invade?
SIL. I reaue thée not thy Muse,
or ought that Phœbus gaue:
But to thy Musicke for to lende
an eare, is all I crave.
CAN. Then if thou long so much
to heare my pleasaunt voice,
(Siluanus) reason is, that with
thy wealth I should reioice.
SIL. Ye at my wealth doth ioy
that loues both me and mine:

The ſpitefull man hates me, and al
my welfare doth repine.
CAN Yea then as well thou mayſt
in abſence take delight
Ynough of this my Muſe, and ſo
thy friendſhip I requite.
For Verſes are the feaſt
and iuncket of the eare,
Theſe ſerues to fæde the taſting iawes
in ſteade of better cheare.
Wherfore if thou deſire
to feaſt thine eare with ſound:
Then let my chaps a worke with cates,
for ſo thou ſtandeſt bound
By loue, and law of God,
ſo pitie doth perſuade.
God giues not all his giftes to one,
but in ſuche ſorte hath made
His lawes of kinde, that none
can finde ſufficing powre
Within him ſelfe to ſerue his turne,
but at ſome nædefull howre
Ye ſtandes in want of helpe
and of ſome forraine ayde:
And that is it that doth conioyne,
and euer yet hath ſtayde
In league of laſting loue
all kindes of forraine wightes:

The

The *French*, the *Maure*, the *Italian*, and
the worthy *Spanish* Knightes.
Then let vs ioyne yfeare,
and lincke at last in one
Those starres that at eche others birth
and day of beeing shone.
Cause Iupiter to be
my faythfull friend at neede,
And thou shalt haue Mercurius helpe
if he may stande in steede.
Thou shalt not want his Hat,
his twigge or Lute to play:
Alcydes knot thou shalt commaunde,
which fewe can tell the way
Or none at all to loze,
so doubtfull is the dzift:
Yea whisking wings and all thy limmes
into the skies to lift.
SIL. God saith me thinks thou telst
a vayne and trifling tale:
Your ouermany wozds declare
your tong is tipt with ale.
CAN. You count it vayne that doth
your riches wzong a whit.
But if to heare my merrie Muse
you haue so great delight:
Do ease my dzoulie dumpes,
and myst of carefull minde:

For

For Verses craue a quiet breast
and ioyfull heart by kinde.
I woren am of late
much like the skirring Kite,
Whome cruell colde and hunger cloyes,
a slowe vnlustie wight.
All scalie is my Skinne,
my lippes are passing drie:
For lacke of licoure at my neede
I am at point to die.
In stable not a Beast,
in cloase no Corne to sée:
No crosse in pouch, and wouldst thou haue
me voide of care to bée?
Such Physicke doth not serue
nor sitting is to ease
Me (sillie Wiser) of my griefe
and gryping fowle disease.
Make merrie me, do cloath
my bare and naked bones,
Relieue my Age, and thou shalt sée
me making Verse at ones:
I out of hand will sing
and pipe in pleasaunt wise.
A house that stored is with wealth
where trashe and treasure lies,
Doth cruell cares exile
and banish dumpes away.

The fifth Egloge.

A Sellar full, Foldes stuft with flockes,
Pots full as ere they may:
A Flaggon full to brimme,
as much as it can holde,
Barne full, fatte Cattle, and a Purse
puft vp with peysing Golde,
These make the merry minde.
Then pleasaunt 'tis to wake
The Winter nights, and with a sticke
at fiers side to make
Good sport with streking of
the Asshes furrowise:
And roast the Chestnutte that crakt
in scalding imber lies.
And with an alie Cruse
the cruell thirst to quell,
And pleasaunt tales among a route
of spinning Trulls to tell.
For Vergil (by report)
Mecœnas bearing sway,
The Countrey, Oxen, soyle and eke
the Martiall warres did splay
Aloft in lustie tune,
and strake with stately Verse
The starry Skies, his Pulse did
the haughtie Heauens pierce.
Good lucke and store of wealth
all owde him fluent vaine:

As

As sillie, poore and patched soules
the Muses do disdaine.
To vs that Gruell suppe
with greedy gaping gumme,
As leane as rakes, the God of skill,
Appollo scornes to come.
SIL. O friend if hoped hap
suffising wealth allowe
To me, I will procure release
of cares that cloy thee nowe.
CAN. Siluanus would thy will
did counteruaile thy might,
And thou wert bent as well as thou
art able me to quite
From present poore estate.
I neyther long to haue
The fluent wealth of Cosmus, tis
no silken cloake I craue.
No roabe of purple staine
or Die that came from *Tyre*,
Nor costly cates of mighty Kings,
nor Bankets I desire.
Not Æsops daintie dish
or warlike Pallas shielde,
Nor battled buildings raised hie
that Romaine Nero helde.
(I minde it well that I
of Vmber learned this)

I craue

I craue attire and vittailes in
a thatched Coate ywis.
So that I were assurde
of that till life did blinne:
Giue me Pythagors homely fare,
and Codrus garments thinne.
I often times haue had
the hap to hit on such
That offred haue to me ere this
in painted words as much,
But nought they did in deeds:
my hope consistes in thee
Alone, and in none other man.
If thou once false with mee,
Quite off is cut my hope:
with Nightingall I may
Shut vp my Pipes till next retourne
of Spring, and leaue my lay,
As one withouten speach:
then wil't be time to put
My weapen on the poast, and watch
discharged, the doore to shutte.
SIL. Candid thou at *Rome*
ere this (I know) hast beene:
The sacred Senate there thou hast
and holie Fathers seene.
Where are so many States
and store of learned braynes,

There may a man enritch him soone,
there restes the Poets gaines.
CAN. No sure, thou art begilde,
thou thinkst I long for pelfe:
So wéenes the Woulfe that other eate
the meate he mowthes him selfe.
And thou haste this conceite
that other treade the way
And crosse the path that thou doest pace,
thus doest thou séeme to say.
A pittance would suffize,
I couet not to flowe:
O let me liue withouten care,
the Romaine Court I knowe.
O (Syluan) what auailes
that place so poore a Wight?
Augustus long agoe is deade,
in dampe of darksome night
He woons and stayes in Hell.
If *Rome* do ought expende,
'Tis trifles, *Rome* receiues the golde,
and woords for ware doth lende.
Alas, for now alone
at *Rome* doth money raigne:
Dame VERTVE liues a weary life,
exilde shée bides the paine,
Cche man doth bid vs hope
and looke for good at last:

We

We gnalwe on Cruſt, 'tis ſlender ſode,
we were as good to faſt.
SIL. Diſplay ſome dreadfull fielde,
pen actes of worthie Peeres,
Write wreakful wars of wrathful kings:
repaire to ſuche as ſteeres
And are the ſtay of Kealmes,
and wielde the princely Mace:
Thou ſhalt haue lucke to light on ſome
that pitie will thy caſe.
CAN Tuſh, ſooner ſhall I finde
a checke or ſcoffing taunt:
Of Poets men as much accompt
as ſtewes they daylie haunt.
Why then (Siluanus) doeſt
thou ſtirre my chauſed witte?
SIL Such filthie wordes to ſpeake it is
not for a Poet fitte.
CAN. I can none other chooſe
but very ſooth to ſay:
But if thou fayne wouldſt haue the truthe
to be concealde, do ſtay
Thy tong from mouing me,
and leaue while things be well.
SIL. What 'tis not one to ſtirre to wrath,
and good aduice to tell.
CAN. Of counſayle I am ſtorde,
my budget is but bare:

How should a needy Poet Wars
and kingly Campes declare,
That hath not once so much
good here below the Sunne,
As knife to cut his Pipe, and cause
the breath by holes to runne?
Beholde the handle of
my Whittle how it waggs
By lowsenesse of the pinnes: see howe
the edge is all in taggs
And toothed like a sawe:
but these are slender things,
The lacke of meate and drinke is it
that me so vilely wrings.
Good counsell somewhat mends
the matter when it comes:
But that aduice that fruiteless is
our shaken Senses nomms.
It breakes the busie braine,
it weakes the wearie witte.
For Peeres small friendships to bestow
me thinks is nothing fitte:
And they do flatte refuse
great guerdons to forgoe.
Besides our Princes now a dayes
accompt of verses so,
As *Borias* blast of leaues,
with whisking force that flie:

Or *Lybicke* winde with stormie puffe
that on the Seas doth lie.
As frost doth force the Vine
whome cruell it doth cut,
The Kesars they their tickling ioyes
in swæte delights so put,
(Unmindefull of their states)
and ydle life imbrace:
As Verses they will none that sæme
their vices to deface.
Thence flow the wanton Rymes,
this makes that Poets nowe
Of childish Venus chat so ofte
they wotte neare what nor how:
Of tauntes and scolding scoffe,
of beastly bellie cheare,
Of sluggish trade, infamous actes,
which tow reprochfull were
And vile offence for one
that honest is, to writs.
But those that earst with hardy hande,
and courage stout did fight,
That vsed valiaunt armes
and dealt with deadly blade,
Not glutted with the grædie Colde,
haue more of Poets made:
And lou'd the loftie Muse
and Verse of stately stile.

Thole Partiall kings that foylde the foe
with haughtie hande erewhile,
Extolde the haughtie Pen
that did their battailes blaſe:
But ſtraight aſſone as warlike wights
and Vertue fled the place,
The Poets could not write,
Inuention fainted thoe:
The learned loſt their brayns, the flood
of Uerſing wared lowe,
To wracke went worthy workes.
If nowe a dayes of fame
Be any liuing, that by warres
hath gotte a gallant name:
Ye forceth nought at all
of after commers prayſe,
Renoume of forrayne lande he ſcornes
content with preſent dayes,
(Quite glutted with good fame)
and laude that they allowe,
Whome he doth hourely ſee with eye
and bewes with daylie browe.
A ſauage man outright
he loues no learned ſkill,
Or elſe of muche deſired golde
can neuer haue his fill:
But drowned lyes in mucke
and filthie Metals mire,

Quite

The fift Egloge.

Quite crusht with cares as Mydas was
with grædie goldes desire.
Besides, with Princes are
a rude and rusticke route,
A spitefull sect: The flattring guest,
the counterfayting Loute
Whose iestures maken glée,
the baudie merchaunt eake,
And he, that what so ere he sayes,
to please the eare doth speake.
Then he that playes on stage,
the iangling Iester to:
Nert him the mate that hunts the whore,
and other thousands moe
That hate the Poet, and
are Vertues deadlie foes,
Erpell him from the Princes Court.
Much like as when the Crowes
Haue lothsome Carraine founde,
and sée the Carcas lie,
They driue frõ thence both foule & beast,
not letting them come nie.
Agayne some Poets are
so out of reason rash,
As (blockish beasts) they dare to make
to fonde and foolish trash.
And all to fæde the eares
and humours of the Pæres,

Yea such as force no whit of fame.
For Poets eke there færes
A kinde of frantick mode
and madnesse of the braynes:
These (but I wotte not what it is
that therevnto constraynes)
Will Poets be in hast
and taken so abrode,
As sone as once they haue in Pips
of hollow Hemlocke blowde.
Well thinke they of them selues,
vpon their bookes they bost,
Vile Fooles and silly Sotts vntaught,
not fitte to rule the rost:
Forcsæyng nought at all,
forright and witlesse men.
Who so accustomde is to lende
an eãre vnto theyr Pen
And foolish tedious tales,
doe dœme there is no choice,
But all are wise alike: and this
is it that barres the voice
Of learned men in dœde,
for that he knowes not howe
To iudge the better from the worse,
Minerua from the Sowe.
SIL. O Candid, I protest,
by Heauenly powers on hie,

And

And haughtie Gods of *Olympe* hill
that welo the scudding Skye:
That I (if on my sayles
there light a blessed blast)
Will seeke to further thee in time,
and be thy helpe at last.
Meanewhile content thy selfe
and champe on hope with me,
Till better fortune shall allowe
my friendlier fates to be.
CAN. If so thou meane me well,
I wish thee like againe.
SIL. Yes faith with al my heart & minde,
the prouse shall make it plaine,
Within a little space.
CAN. Farewell thou churlish Chuffe,
Pray God thou neuer mayst returne
that neuer hast ynouffe.
Would all thou handlest mought
(as Mydas did of yore)
Be Golde, for cause thou setst of Golde
more than of Vertue store.

The. vj. Egloge entituled CORNIX.

THE ARGVMENT.

HOvv Coũtrey differs frõ the Tóvvne
here *Cornix* he recites:
He girdes the foolish sotted Sectes,
and gainst the vvitlesse vvrites.

The speakers names.

Cornix. *Fulica.*

COR. THe wrathfull winter snowes,
fell Borias blasts do blowe,
The yscles from houses hang:
the man that earst did sowe
And tilde his stonie soile,
hath left a fielde his plowe,
And takes his ease: the wearie grounde
it selfe doth slumber nowe.
The shephierd hauing shutte
his dores, and caught his cloake
Kæpes house: Nextra eke doth sitte
at home in smothering smoke
At Chimnie nooke, and plies
hir pottage Pot apace:
Earst Sommer for his scalding heate,
(when Sommer was in place)

That

That was so muche myslikte,
is nowe commended sore:
And winter hated is of vs
for whom we wisht before.
FVL. All present pleasure we
but little worth esteeme,
Surpassing that which is to come
(the hoped good) we deeme:
Euen so the farther off the light
the more the light doth seeme.
COR. Eche Time and ery Age
his pleasure brings with it:
See howe the Countrey boyes vnkempt
in patched garments knit,
Reioyce at slaughter time
when Piggs do go to Potte,
They fill the bladder full of Beanes,
and hauing tide a knotte
They rattle it a good:
an other whiles withall
Closefisted they their elbowes ioyne
and forte the flying ball.
And thus the Winter colde
with trotting here and there,
And frosty time with coursing of
the Countrey ball they weare.
Yet we farre better here
in Chimnies like to burne

I ſtretcht in Strawe, do waſt the time
whilſt milke to curde doth turne.
FVL. The winter doth forſhewe
the powre and nædefull plight.
We youthes are ſuche a retcheſſe route
as do not wey a whit
The after time to come:
in Sommer careleſſe we
Do lead our liues, not minding what
the Winter is wont to be,
And all our pence the Piper hath
for making merry glee.
When Borias makes returne
from Scythian frosty bounde,
And bared trees with battred boughes
and leaues ylayde in grounde,
Bewray where byrds haue bredde
and hatcht their chickens earſt:
Powre naked ſoules our ſhoulders, backe,
ribbs, fæte with colde are pierſt.
Our follie winter wries,
more wiſe the Townish be,
That heape their hoords of wealth at home
furrde downe beneath the knee.
The Fore the bellie wraps,
the ſtomacke gardes the ſhepe:
With help of ſpeckled Libart ſke
away the colde they kepe.

COR.

COR. We countrey men are Dottes
and Fooles of erie age,
But not alone we witlesse are;
for why a madder rage
In Citizens doth raigne.
But Lady FORTVNE is
A Damme to them, she seemes to vs
a Mother lawe ywis.
This Stepdamme sterne doth deale
with vs in cruell sorte:
They now a dayes are counted mad
that beare the baser porte.
But once allowe me wealth,
let me haue riches store:
Then I am best in all the townes,
I shall goe all before.
Then will my tale be heard,
I shall be masterd aye:
Then croke they knees, the caps go off,
and marke what euer way
I passe, the people crouch:
my counsell then they seeke
Both pore and riche, the wealthy sludge,
the saged fathers eke.
FVL. O Cornix tis not Chaunce
that breedes this witte in man,
But tis the minde: nor maken vs
this Fortune wealthy can.

Lis

'Tis God that giues the goods
as earst Amyntas sayde:
'Tis easie riches to attayne
if he do stande our ayde.
COR. May Fortune is a God,
no doubt hereof I haue.
But what was it Amyntas tolde:
of thée his tale I craue.
For he was knowen a man
of quicke and sharper braine
Than diuers are, wherfore I would
heare his good verdite fayne.
But yet before thou hast
that wise discourse begunne:
Unto the Foldes to sée our flockes
I pray thée (Fulyke) runne.
Trudge, and returne in haste,
for after colde (thou knowst)
A fitte of heate more welcome is,
packe and retire in post.
FVL. Up to my knée doth reache
the thicke vnthawed snowe,
Scarse houses beare the weight therof:
the Duen that bakes the dowe,
Hath at the very toppe
great lumpes therof that lyes,
And vp into a picked poynt
it clymes in piller wyse.

Fill

Fill vp the Racke with hay
that came of latter share:
Do stoppe the clouen clifts with straw,
if so the walles do stare
Or gape in any place:
and ere thou hither come,
Besmere the threshold rounde about
with slime and bullocke lome.
For nothing more annoyes
or banes a beast than colde.
What? art thou come? what meanes this haste?
'tis more than vse of olde.
FV. Fye, Winter nippes me sore,
this frost doth make me frette:
The greatest comfort in the earth
is, both in colde and heate,
To hugge in reaking hay,
and when the colde is past
In stifling straw to stretche our stumps
and limmes in mow to cast.
COR. Goe to, begin to tell
how Towne and Countrey trade
Do swarue, the oddes display thou here.
FVL. Thus good Amyntas made
The diffrence twirt those two.
What time the worlde began Narratio.
And things as yet were newly framde,
then GOD did like a Pan

With

Which woman aye to liue,
and marrids them yfeare,
Ye willde the Man to get the Babes,
the woman Babes to beare:
And taught them how they should
their children eke beget.
At first they plyde their businesse well,
and did their taske yfet.
Would so they had done still,
and let the fruite alone:
And neuer tasted of that tree
the apple grew vpon.
The Woman wore a dam,
both boy and wenche she boze:
And yerely so by like increase
with men the earth did stoze.
When fiftéene yeres were past,
GOD came agayne that way,
And there he founde the woman whilst
she gan hir babes aray,
Him she discride a farre,
as she at thresholde sate.
(This while was Adam gone a felde
this womans wedded mate.
Ye carelesse fed his flocke,
as then was no mistrust
Of falshode twirt the man and wife.
But when that growing lust

Made

Made many marri'ge knots:
then false they gan to play.
They knockt the Goate about the pate
and reft his hornes away
To grafte on husbandes heade:
then icalous sede begonne
To take his rote in husbandes breast,
he doubted of his sonne.
For men that false a worde
themselues are wont to play,
Mystrust their wiues will goe about
their auncient debtes to pay.)
Herewith the Mother blusht,
and bare hir selfe in hande
So many babes would ouermuch
agaynst his liking stande,
And make hir be suspect
of to muche wanton lust:
She ranne and hid me some in hay,
and soune in chaffe she thrust.
In came the mightie GOD,
and hauing blest the place,
Sayd: Woman fetch me all thy babes
that I may see their face.
The Mother brought the biggest
and let the lesser lie:
God likt them well. As men are wont
(as dailie proufe doth trie)

Of Foules and fenting Hounds
to like the eldest best.
First to the senior of his Sonnes
thus spake the *GOD* and blest.
Take thou this kingly Mace,
supplie a Kesars rome:
Unto the seconde brother Armes,
and made him Mars his grome.
Be thou a Duke (quod he)
and daunt thy foes in fight:
And then at last he shewde out Rodds
and Axe to open sight,
With twigs of tender Vine
and noble Romaine darte:
And Offices gan deale about
to euery Babe a part.
Wherwith the Mother glad
to see hir sonnes extolde,
Ranne in, and fetcht out all hir brode,
and sayde: Thou God beholde
These are my belly fruite,
These in my wombe I bare
As well as those: vouchsafe to let
these haue some parte of share.
Their brisled pates were white
with chaffe, the strawe it hong
About their armes, and spider webbs
that to the wattles clong.

Thos

Those likte him nought at all
not one he fansde well,
But frowning sayd: Auaunt you Elfes,
of mowe and mould you smell.
Take you the goyng Goade
and countrey punchyng pricke:
Take you the spitting Spade in hande,
and Garden setting sticke.
To you the Culter longs,
the yoake and other trash:
You shall be Ploughmen, Carters you,
with Whip to gins the lash.
You shall be Shephierdes you,
heycutters, delue the soile:
You shall be Seamen, Towardes eke,
turmoilde with endelesse toile.
But yet among you all
we do appoint that some
Shall leaue the clownish Countrey life
and to the Towne shall come.
As Puddingmakers, Tookes,
the Butchers, Piewiues cake:
And other such like sluttish Artes
of whome I doe not speake:
That wonted are to sweate
and at the Coales to burne,
Like Drudges wasting all their dayes
to serue their maisters turne:

This done, the mightie God
departed to the Skies.
Thus twixt the Towne & Countrey did
the difference first arise.
Thus were the clownes ymade, as good
Amyntas doth deuise.
COR. If he had ought sayde well
I would haue maruelde much:
Ye was a Townish man, and they
do euer beare a grutch
And byte with bitter scoffe
vs poore and Countrey soules,
'Tis all the worke they haue to do,
aye is the Towne controls.
Yea, they will nothing shame,
agaynst the Gods to ieast,
Deuising trifles like to this.
Art thou so plaine a geast
And stuft with Pudding so
and hast thy belly full,
As that thy selfe art toucht herein
can neuer pierce thy skull?
This nippe is euen a taunt:
but let vs for a space
Vnto the follies of the Towne
conuert our Countrey face,
And iurge of all their deedes:
least thou surmise perhaps

That

That they are wyser vnto whom
the people vaile their caps:
And suche as dailie goe
in golde and purple wæde,
Than we that homelie Rustickes are
and simple men in dæde.
I sundrie times haue sæne
men cladde in costly geare
Like Princes bout the Market squares
and ietting here and there:
Quite hunger steru'd at home,
and kitchins voyde of Cækes,
As poore as Iob, when all was weyde
for all their loftie lookes.
What follie more than this?
to beare of wealth a face,
And be a nædie begger yet
for all the painted case?
Men but beguyle themselues
in vsing this deuise.
Yea more than that, my selfe haue sæne
the Office fathers wise
That beare the onely sway
(O vile and filthie crime)
Whilst they themselues will liue at ease
and lewdly waste the time:
Set out their wiues to hire
and daughters to be solde:

What can be worse: or fowler fact?
what more to be controlde?
FVL. Put case they can not finde
another way to liue?
COR. No? did not God as many hands
and other senses giue
To them, as vnto vs?
yes. Then I pray thée tell
The very reason (Fulicke) why
they can not liue as well?
Nay, more than that are some
that practize daylie feate
To come by wealth by wayne deuise
as neuer man could get.
With iuice of sappie hearbes
they rubbe and burnish Brasse,
In hope to make it golde in time,
and bring their willes to passe
In wresting nature cleane,
and chaunging kinde by skill:
They puffe the coales in pensiue care
with swarth and smoakie gyll.
Another studies harde
and plies inchauntments sore,
In hope to finde some hidden vayne
of golde, vnknowne before
That lurkes in dampe of ground
and hollowe Vault belowe,

And

And playes the witch, but nothing gaynes
as proufe doth playnly showe.
What vainer toye than this?
what leude or lighter iest?
Bycause they would auoyde the plough,
mans life that is the best,
They practize euery feate,
attempting euery thing:
They ofte begin, but neuer ought
to good effect can bring.
They euer turne and wende,
and kéepe a dailie coyle,
To kéepe them from the carefull carte
and tilling of the soyle.
By money loane and vse
of filthie Fulckers trade,
(That Vsurie may well be termde)
infamous shiftes be made.
They practize force and fraude,
and double dealing aye:
They lay their wilie hookes for wealth,
deuising day by day
A meane to mount to state
and honours tickle throne.
Whilst we shepe, goates & flockes do féede
and let such trickes alone:
They kéepe their soaring Haukes,
they foster barcking Hounds,

They haue their footecloth Nags to ride
about their Pasture groundes.
Of Munkies much they make
and other Apish toyes:
This is the onely trade they vse,
these are the Townish ioyes.
The Rusticke Cattle keepes,
the Townsman Currs and Kites:
I pray thee iudge whiche is the best
of theirs or our delightes?
Which most with Worship standes?
which brings the greater gaine?
FVLI. If so our trade be bett than theirs,
then how shoulde they attaine
Such store of stamped Coine,
and Riches as they haue?
Howe come they by that daintie fare?
how by those garments braue?
COR How man? By slipper craft,
by pelting pilfring shiftes:
By subtile fetches of the minde,
by double diuelish driftes.
What (mad man) dost not see
how vs they daylie wring
In cruell wise? If of our words
(a vile and beastlie thing)
They take aduantage once
and catch vs in a trippe:

We shall be sure to sáele the smart
and bide the lashing whippe.
They deeme a godlie deede
to take vs in the snare:
And this is all their whole deuise,
their studie and their care.
FVL. Why? Howe befalls that thou
the Citie knowst so well?
COR. Howe? this I learned earst while I
my milke was wont to sell,
And had my female Goates
within the Citie wall,
I oasted at a Bakers house,
he knewe their manners all.
Ye was a craftie Childe,
and with his yron would
Coe cut the doawe, and nip the loaues
when Maidens gan to mould.
Ye, as he wist their wile
and knewe their craftie trade,
Sayd, that the Citie was a Hell.
A whole discourse he made
Of their vnthriftie liues
that in the towne did wonne:
And tolde me, that to filtch at first
him selfe had there begonne.
In Cities other are
with beastly baudie rule

That waste the wealth their Graundsires gaue
and plying of the Cule.
They haue their minion Trulls
and wanton fleshly Froes:
Oh, what mire filthie can be founde
than is the life of those?
(Pray) where is Whoredome vide?
Manslaughter and Vprore?
Beare these in Cities not the sway,
and euer did of yore?
Where lodge those Kings that seeke
their Crownes by losse of blode:
And force their subiects to the death
that in their quarrell stode?
Where wonne the warly wights
that with suche desperate hartes
Obiect themselues to fearfull foe
and dinte of deadly dartes?
For slender wages they
do hazarde life and all:
What madnesse more than theirs that so
do seeke for sodaine fall?
Of life they lesse accompt
than of a blast of fame.
And what is glorie, praise, or laude?
what Worship? honours name?
What giddie peoples voice
and brute of foolish braines?

All

All dies and weares away with time,
death all this trumperie staines,
All sodainly do flitte
and light when Sunne doth dimme.
And they that hauing wealth at lande,
vpon the Surge wil swimme,
And leaue their Countrey coast
are folish wights I trowe:
Ye wants his witts that will affie
in windes and water so.
Who so hath store of wealth
and vseth not the same,
Is mad I thinke: But yet of all
that man is most to blame
That liues a Misers life
and ouerharde doth fare,
And heapes his treasure in a howde
and all for sonne to spare:
And leaues the thing vndone
(which he mought compasse well)
For children that shal after come
when he is deade in hell.
All suche as number starres,
and meddle with the skies,
And those that calke the dayes of birth,
and thinke they can comprise
By skill to scan the fate
to man that shall betide,

Are verie soles: But from his wits
yet he is farder wide
The nature of the Gods
that doth enserch to knowe,
And dares vpon so great a light
his little eyes to throwe.
Farre better is our faith:
for Townsmen euer loke
To haue a Reason, else they will
scarce credit any booke.
Bare wordes we sone beleeue
that are of Countrey stampe,
And at the sacred Altar set
vp many a light and Lampe.
The Cytizens are harde
of faith, and neuer blinne
To serch the secrets of the Gods:
whome if it were no sinne
To descant off so much,
but that we ought to knowe
Their natures, then themselues they mo-
vnto our Senses showe. (ught
But sithens they would haue
their secret kinde vnknowne:
What meane we to enquire of Gods
and let them not alone?
Our charitie besides
the Townish zeale excedes.

For

For holie men that serue the Church
and weare the sacred weedes,
What store of meate get they
which goe from place to place,
Of vs that in the Countrey dwell
within a little space?
I Bargeis lode haue seene
of Graine and goodly Corne,
Brought from the countrey to the towne,
we aye such zeale haue borne.
Another sect of Sotts
and foolish men there are:
As pettie Foggers, barking buggs
and Pleaders at the barre,
Well skilde to scrape for coine,
euen Tirants in their trade:
For fee they sell their helping hand,
for money they are made
The wrongfull case to pleade:
they make their chiefest gaine
By letting Causes longer hang
than neede or lawe constraine
Within the cruell Court
where matters are to heare,
And what at one Court day mought end,
they linger on a yeare.
Physitions eke there are
from place to place that ride

Yon Pulets, that full often strike
the vaynes that are denide,
And minister amisse,
and for diseases frame
(Whose kinde they neuer knewe before)
a certaine terme and name.
And they (though arte they want
and lacke good Physicks skill)
Haue lawfull leaue to vere the sicke,
yea Patients eke to kill.
And those that Office beare
and swinge the chiefest sway,
The more authoritie they haue,
the more they runne astray.
The madder waren they
once placde in Rulers rome.
O, what of holy Gouernours
and Fathers is become,
Of whome our Elders earst
by fier sitting tolde:
Nowe all is gone to spitefull wracke
that hath bene seene of olde.
The Temples are defaste,
the pore do make complaynt,
The widowes weepe & wring their hands
with too muche griefe attaint.
And what should be the cause
that things are at this hande?

The

The onely reason is for that
that Lust for Lawe doth stande.
FVL. Fie (Cornix) fie your rage
beyonde all reason goes:
Thou all men dost condemne alike.
What (man) thou must suppose
That of the Townish some
are good, in Citie dwell
Some honest men that leade their lines
and get their riches well.
COR. I haue forgot the name,
but sure thereof I stande,
Nie *Balearia* lines no snake,
all venome voides the lande.
No Owle in *Creta* cries,
no Horse or Gelding runnes
On mount *Ægeria*: nor no ho-
nest man in Citie wunnes.
FVL. An honest man is scarce,
in Countrey and in Towne:
And vertue is as rare a thing
as any may be foune.
COR. Fulick thou art mad,
that takst their partie so:
Eche one that in the Citie dwels
is thy vndoubted foe.
They shaue vs close to skinne,
they pill and make vs bare:

They force vs first to filtch, and then
our neckes they do not spare.
They wey not they a whit
though wee to Gallowes goe,
They tye vs vp in hamprung cords
on tree to fede the Crowe.
If we haue ought that lykes
their fansie or their lust,
They thinke to wring it from our hands,
it is both good and iust.
They plucke away our plumes
and feathers one by one:
They neuer linne to scrape our goodes
till all our wealth be gone.
Whiche if we chaunce to see,
excuses then are had:
But so we see not when 'tis done,
they will denie lyke madde
They neuer toke away
one iote but was their owne:
No wrong they do esteeme the Theft
to be that is vnknowne.
Thus all the wealth they haue
and mucke that lies in mowe,
By our sustayned toyle they gat
and sweate of paynfull browe.

FVL. Nay, nowe you farre exceede
the boundes of meane and right.

COR.

COR. DFulick Townish shamful prancks
infect the worlde quite.
What makes in Sommer tyme
so many rotten shoures?
Such thundring flakes, wind, clouds & haile
as from the heauen poures?
I yet remember I
haue seene the grounde to quake:
The haughtie roses of houses fall,
and pillerposts to shake:
The Sunne obscurde with darke
amid the shyning day:
And in the nyght the Mone idimde
and Starrelight tane away.
How chaunst that stinking weedes
the grayne do ouergroe,
And wilde and barraine Oates oppresse
the hoped Haruest so?
Howe hapt the Goate inuades
and tramples downe the Vine?
That smelling floures in spring are spilt,
and garden goods do pine?
All these millehappes by meane
of ciuill Townish yll
Befall: and moe in tyme (I feare)
thereby suche mischieues will.
Whence come these rashe vproares?
whence springs these battailes broyle,

That

That brings with it all kind of plagues
that so annoy the soyle:
The Citie is the head
and Fountaine whence it flowes.
Lycaon bee that cruell Woulfe
(whome all the worlde knowes)
From Citie did discende:
Deucalion (with his make-
God Pyrrha) was a Countrieman.
'Twas for Lycaons sake
That all the earth was drownde,
Deucalion peasde the waue:
Lycaon murthred many men,
Deucalion man did saue:
He toke them from the earth,
this brought them life againe.
If euer Fire should wast the worlde
(as some affirme it plaine)
That mischief shall discend
from Towne and Citie sure:
Their vile and filthy liuing will
those cruell plagues procure.
FVLL Cornix leaue to talke,
I heare the boyes to call
For pottage, lest I be deceiude)
if ought be left, it shall
At after dinner bee
debated and discust:

Now

Now let vs plie the paunch, the houre
declares to meate we must.

The. vij. Egloge entituled POLLVX.

THE ARGVMENT.

HEre Galbula extols
the Shephierds to the Skie:
And tels howv Pollux did conuert
that sauve the Sainct vvith eie.

The speakers names.

Alphus. *Galbula.*

AL. WHat thinkest thou Galbula?
sir Pollux passing fine:
In piping earst (I wotte not howe)
inspirde with powre deuine
Forwent his Pipe, his wæde,
his charge of Beasts, his Mates,
And hooded (as the Lapwings are
with crists vppon their pates)
Foure dayes agoe himselfe
to holie house did yelde.
Some think that whilst his flocke he fed
alone in open fields

He sawe some godlie shape
from Heauen to appeare,
(The rest I haue forgot) but what
thinkst thou? I long to heare.
GAL As Sages sayd, when God
eche creature gan to make,
(No trifles I will tell, but such
of yore as Vmber spake)
Both Clownish countrey wights
and Shepherdes he ordainde:
The Tilman tough, vnmilde, in ci-
uill nurture neuer trainde,
Much like the lumpish clay
that Culter doth controll:
The Shepherde of a softer kinde
a fillie hurtlesse soule,
As simple as the Sheepe,
deuoide of wrathfull gall,
The Sheepe that yelds the milke, & likes
his keeper aye withall.
From flock to Altare he
would bring when so he came,
Sometime a Sheape, a fatted Calfe,
sometime a sucking lambe,
To Gods their honour due
he gaue with good intent:
His seruice so preuailde with them,
he so their Godheads bent,

As

As since the time the worlde
created was and made,
Unto this houre most gratefull was
to Gods the Shephierds trade.
And more than this, he callde
Assyrians a sort,
(Their names through care I haue for-
to Race and Kingly port, (got)
That Shephierds were afore:
who garnisht braue in Golde
And purple roabes, proude countries oft
in battaile haue controlde.
That Paris that behelde
three Goddesses in *Ide*,
With Paris eke the Syre that would
haue forc'd his sonne to haue dide,
A Shephierd was. When Moyses
feard with heauenly fyre
Came barefoote through the fieldes to see
the signe with great desyre,
A shephierd then he was
and lately come from floud.
Apollo (as a bannisht man)
in *Grece* did thinke it good
His Godhead layde aside
a Shephierds charge to take,
And so th' *Amphrisian* fields to walke
and bowe and shafts forsake.

Those sacred Angels eke
when Chryst in Oren stall
Was borne, forspake for shephierds sake
that he would be a thrall.
And shephierds bæing taught
the miracles diuine
Of heauenly birth, did first beholde
the thundring Impe with eyen.
The mightie Infant gaue
the Shephierds libertie
Before the wise and royall Kings
in Cradle him to sæ.
A Shephierd he him selfe
disdained not to call,
Those men he termed shæpe that simple were and mæke withall.
And least you thinke I lie,
from Citie home agayne
To Countrie as I came, in Church
I redde them paynted plaine.
There portrayde are the Beasts
and little Lambes that lie
On soile beside their dames. A hugie troupe from mountains hie
Of Gods on horsebacke comes,
their Diadesmes do blaze
With glittring golde, this sight doth make the passers by to gaze.

No

No marvell then if Gods
appearde to Pollux sight:
In Villages, in Shépe and homely shæpecotes they delight:
God is a guest to simple men,
the haughtie he doth spite.
AL. Thou telst the truth, I wishe
the fields as hurtlesse bée
Unto your beasts. The Asse, the racke,
and Bullocke I did sée.
I call to minde the routs
that thither flockt apace,
Me thinkes I sée the kings of Inde
that brought their gifts in place.
One thing I craue, what kinds
of shape did Pollux sée?
And if thou knowst it (Galbula)
do daine to tell it mée.
GAL. I knowe it well, and will
rehearse the storie true,
A worthy fact to tell or heare
for all men to ensue.
The frowarde father, and
the Stepdame full of pride,
Had pressed Pollux necke with yoake
vneasie to abide,
In tender yeres when youth
swéete pleasures doth persuade:

But when he felt his force to faile
through such a weary trade,
And sawe no Arte preuailde
their rigor to relent,
He thought it best to runne away:
and thus to flight ybent
His onely let was this,
he loud impatiently.
For doting loue (a common fault)
doth Youth accompany.
Loue of it selfe is strong,
the violence doth passe.
He went: At parture (these complaints
to me he wonted was
His dolours to declare)
with mourneful voice he spake:
Wilt thou (O Virgin) shead thy teares
for such a traytors sake?
And when thou seest thy selfe
by Louer so betrayde,
Wilt thou bewaile the want of him
that such a pranke hath playde?
Wilt thou thy cruell Friend
remember in distresse?
Or shall that louing breast of thine
a chillie color possesse?
That breast that hath prouokte
so many weeping eyes,

Wilt

Wilt thou wax wan for griefe: wilt thou
sende sighings to the Skies:
I see the Virgins eyes,
hir eares, hir panting hart.
Alas may any cunning now
conceale my secrete smart:
A double dolour doth
distraine my troubled minde,
Hir griefe and my distresse: my woe
to waile is me assignde,
But not to hir: my fire
more couertly doth burne.
You Gods (I trust) will hir preserue
in health till my returne.
That after my exile
when I shall backe retire,
Our loue may haue a good successe
ere youthfull yeares expire.
Thus talking he did passe,
and would haue turnde againe:
Such loue had bleard the boy, such frensie
broylde in youthfull braine.
But now the Dice were cast,
decreed was the fight,
He vnderneath a Popple tree
sate downe a woefull wight.
Beholde a Virgin crownde
with Garlande he did see,

Hir face, hir eyes, and habite wers
Nimphlyke in eche degree.
She did approche, and thus
the sorie boy bespake.
(Swæte Lad) where wilte thou wander
thy purpose pathes forsake. (now:
Alas thou wottst not where
this way would bring thee streight,
Yet darst thou go to places straunge:
and thinking no deceipt
To lurke in grassie fielde,
eche perill thou neglectst,
All sase thou deemst, & that which likes
thee best, thou moste respectst
Lyke vnaduised youth.
The adder knit in knot,
And lurking in the grasse, doth bite
the man that sawe him not.
Th'vnware is sone begylde.
The Infant dares assay
Withouten dreade in burning Coales
with tender handes to play:
And thinkes it but a sport
vntill he fele the fire.
This Countrie traines the Passengers
at first with swæte desire,
And proffers pleasures ryse
with ioyes exceeding all:

But

But entred once, forgetting not
the hurt that may befall,
It setts a thousande snares
and planteth perils more.
This path as soone as you haue past,
that hill you see before
Leades to a shadie wood
where cruell beastes do dwell,
To dungeons deepe, and lothsome vautes,
as blacke as any hell.
And who so is intrapt
shall thence retire no more:
For fyrst he hath a fillet swarth
and vayle his eyes before.
Then drawne about the wood
through sharpe and shrubby thornes,
To Monster he transformed is:
and whilst his tongue he turnes
And thinks to speake, he howles,
and coueting vpright
To go, he grouelyng crepes on foure,
the heauens are barrd his sight.
Beneath a valley darke,
a pit with waters blake
Doth stande, and then a mountayne huge
doth ouerlooke the Lake.
Thus drawne to stinking Styx,
is headlong downe ycast

Into

Into the filthy foyde, the Sinke
doth swallowe him in hast:
Thus damnde to *Styx* in shade
for aye he must abyde.
Alas, how many Shephierds through
these dotyng fitts haue dyde,
And perisht with theyr flocks:
but I am busie still
As one entirde, to shewe the way
and wrest thee from the yll.
Wherfore do way delayes
and flie the flattring doye
That traines to death, go seeke the coast
that leades to secrete hoye,
Again I th' Idalian flouds
where Carmelus is seene.
To lift his head a loft to Skies
bedeckt with Garlands greene.
To auncient fathers first
this Hill gaue dwellings good,
As caues and houses made of trees
within a bryshy wood.
From thence Religion first
deriu'd his ofspring toke,
And came amongst your hills, as from
his head, the running broke,
And from one Grandsire as
do many Nephews sproute,

In

In those same woods, where Beechybou-
are growing all about, (ghes
Where sattie Pir doth sweate
and Terebynth doth sued
His glewlike gum, and clammie iuyce.
There after thou hast led
A happie hurtlesse life
deuoide of vile offence:
Then into places euer greene
and flourishing from thence
I will aduaunce thee streight
a better lodge to dwell:
Immortall shalt thou waren then,
and (marke what tale I tell)
Thou shalt as fellowe made
vnto the heauenly States,
Set vp aboue the starres, and haue
the *Nimphs* vnto thy mates,
Both Hamadriads and
the hillie Orcads hight,
And Napes Ladies that in sweetes
and Garlands doe delight:
With lawfull leaue to haue the Skies
both vp and downe in sight.
Thus hauing tolde his tale
to Skie the Virgin flewe.
Then Pollux sware his mind was turnd,
and heart ychangde a new

Fal-

For went his furies fitte.
Euen as the firie flash
Is quencht, when Padus with his streame
the frying fields doth wash:
So parted cruell Loue,
that earst his Arrowes shot
At him (good youth) that striuing would
those colde hote fitts forgot:
And so good Pollux he,
to silence Cloyster came.
AL Yea mary, Gods some men inspire,
that looke not for the same,
But they with other wroth
and causelesse angry bee.
GAL Such powre haue Gods on vs as on
our sielly shape haue wee.
This knowledge will suffice
vs simple Countrey clownes:
Let them contende for greater witte,
that weare the Scarlet gownes
And in the Citie wonne.
Thus person Ianu. tolde
Returnde from towne, and sayde he sawe
it writte in foxie olde.
AL. Nowe goes the Sunne to glade
he toucheth top of hills,
Wherfore that wee with him depart
his wonted parting wills.

The seuenth Egloge.

O Galbula get vp
those trinkets on thy backe
The Scrippe is light, the bottle light,
no payne to beare the packe.
For though the burthen way
yet is it good to beare,
Do that, and I wil fetche our flockes,
for nowe the day doth weare.

¶ The. viij. Egloge entituled RELIGIO.

THE ARGVMENT.

TVvo Shephierds met yfere,
one likt the Mountaines most,
And tother did commende the Vale
aboue the Hillie coast.
The praise of Pollux Sainct
is intermingled here,
And sacred feasts: vvith holie dayes
that happen in the yeare.

The speakers names.

Candidus. *Alphus.*

O Alphus nowe the scorched ground
doth thirst, bycause the Sunne

Is in the hieſt point of Heauen
that he is wont to runne,
Wherfore vnto the hanging hills
this preſent time perſuades
To driue our flocks where Deaw is riſe
and Mountes do caſt their ſhades.
AL. Yea, yea, I ſee the hills afarre
and haughtie Mountains hie:
But (to be plaine) what of the hills
to make I know not I.
For from my Cradle cuſtome was
with mee to feede my ſheepe
In vale belowe, by riuers ſide
to dwell, and flocke to keepe.
Upon the hillie grounde (I pray)
what kinde of corn doth ſprout?
CAN O ſimple ſillie witted lobbe,
O plaine and picuiſh loute,
That aye haſt dwelt by damping floods
and filthie Fennes belowe,
Much like the Gnats that haunt ỹ lakes
where bruſhe and rubbiſh growe,
And where the ſluttiſh vermin cauſe
a ſauour like to hell,
And ſtifling ſtinke in durtie dikes,
and Marriſh deapth to dwell.
Where is of frogs, gnats, flies & wormes
and other like good ſtore,

Among

Among the Willowes, Alderboughes
and rotten Rædes, with moze
Than I can name: and yet dost thou
thus dare to mocke the Hills
And make so small accompt of them?
From whence (I pray thee) trills
The spouting Spring? and where (good
is marble quarre yfounde (friend)
That builds ỳ Church? where growes the
in dale or hillie grounde? (gold,
What soile brings forth the lofty mast?
where growes the Phisicke grasse,
And herbes to cure diseases fell,
if not in hillie place?
I sundry times on Baldus mount
the Beareflote gathred haue,
Which goates diseasde frõ force of death
is ready way to saue:
As Ægon earst to me declarde
when he did geld at Spring
His sowes & lambes, he taught me that
as sure and soueraine thing.
Take here (quod he) the passingst heart
that euer grew on grounde.
And further tell me (pray thee) where
are Chesnuts to be founde
More plentuous than on Hills aloft?
where greater store of Mast?

There

There are both groues & pasture grounds:
there I haue broke my fast
With Pie full many a time and oft,
and fattie gruell eate,
There are the sturdie Children borne
bolde youthes in my conceate,
Brode foted Lads with shoulders square,
well brawned armes and strong,
All hairy, handed harde, whose backes
no weight can lightly wrong.
From thence come lustie Mariners,
that sayle the Marble Seas,
Are none more fit for Towne affayres
or Citie than are these.
Where thou wilt haue thy Cattell cut,
or seeling timber fellde,
Or Stables harmde, the Priuie cleans'd
or staying stoppe that helde
The filth, remou'd from where it lay
and bred a lothsome smell,
Or men by ladders to descende
to Caultes as darke as Hell:
These, these are they that do the feats,
their witts are passing good,
And they are of exceeding force
and lustie strength by th' Rode.
But what shall neede so many words?
all toyle they take in hande:

Waits

Waite in the kitchin, make the fire,
cast on the Chimney brande,
Turne broch, in cunning wise make clean
and purge the lower hole
For smoke to passe, beare gutts and tripes
to riuer in a Bole,
Sweepe filthie flore with Birchē bromis:
but most I maruaile howe
They run with burthen on their backes
and neuer seeme to bowe.
They are bred vp among the Rockes
and mid the Mountaines wonn,
Like Goates into the croked Caues
of sauage Beasts they ronne.
Beside this, eake the way is short
from top of Hills to Skie,
Vp to the azure cloudes they reach:
and some do stande so hie,
As verily I deeme they touche
the golden stars welnie.
They say there is a place where as
the Sunne from Sea doth rise,
Which (if I well remember) seemes
vnto our mortall eyes
Euen with his head to touche the Mone,
and that there liu'd a man:
But afterwarde when greedy Lust
and licorous lips began

To taſte the fruite that was forbid,
and that he eate vp all
The Apples, keeping none for God
when he for fruite did call:
This Glutton was expelde the place
not ſuffered there to dwell.
This makes that holie fathers like
the lofty Hills ſo well,
And there do chooſe them quiet ſtayes
to leade their lyues in reſt:
As Carthuſe witneſſe can full well,
Carmelus, Gargans creſt,
Laureta, Athos, Lauern, Syne,
Soractis picked pate,
And Nurſis thou that famous art
for aged Fathers fate.
And good Gamalula, whoſe head
ſo turretlike doth ſtande,
Beſet with Beeche and other trées
that grow about the lande.
As for the reſt I ouerpaſſe,
for why I do not mynde
In this my tale to compaſſe all.
The Gods of ſtately kynde
Do oft frequent the hilly holtes,
when downe in vale below
Dwel Ducks, Didopper, Bitour, Geeſe
Kite, Shag, and other moe.

AL. Among

AL. Among the Pleasures of the hills
wherof you speake so much,
How chaunce that you do nothing here
the Wine and Harueſt touch?
And yet those are two chiefeſt stayes
and aydes in life of Man.
CAN. Those Mountaine lads from rocky hills
come hither now and than
To buye our Corne in market place,
Grym wights al grymde with dusk,
As rough as hogs, as leane as rakes
raggd, leaping at a cruſt.
The dwellers shew the places kynde
and what his nature is.
But that you spake of Sacred vse
and Mountaine holynis
Hath brought vnto my mynde agayne
of Pollux what is sayd.
AL. O Candid, if thou canſt declare
what Goddeſſe 'tis, what Wayde,
Says on for that wherof we gan
to chatte, is all in vaine:
More better were of holie trade
to talke, and greater gaine.
CAN. That Galbula that earſt was wont
with thee his flocke to fœde,
Could fully haue inſtructed thée
in thy demaunde with spœde.

ALL. Of Pollux much was sayde before,
but yet no woorde was spoke
There of the Nymph, nor did I then
him therevnto prouoke.
But now this talke, of Churche affaires
and holie sacred things
(For sure they best deserue the prayse)
to my remembrance brings.
CAN. She was no *Driad* Nimph pardie
that in the woods doth woonne:
She was no Muse of those that boute
Lybethrus Mount doth roonne.
Nor any of those *Orcades*
that haunt the hills on hie:
But mother she to mightie GOD
descended from the Skie.
To bring a peace to suche as in
distresse and trouble lie.
Dame Tethys is hir waiting mayde,
and lady Ceres eke
Attends hir trayne, and Aeole he
that by his force doth breake
And bridles wrath of waiward windes
that in his prison are.
Hir God hath plast aboue the Sunne
and golden glistring starre,
Aboue Cassiope the fayre,
and hath adornde hir head

And

And sacred front with twice six Signes
that hir environ spread:
And more than that, the watrie Mons
that shewes hir face by night
Full underneth hir godly sute
his prouidence hath pight.
AL. O Candid, wonders thou declarste
which Shephierds neuer knew,
What is that Tethys tell me, and
Cassiops glittring hewe?
What is that Æole that in denns
doth bridle blustring winde?
What be those fierie Steads? thou tellst
great meruails, rare to finde.
CAN. Soms part of them be starrs in dede,
some part names founde of olde,
All which when Pollux had to me
in largest maner tolde,
Into the Temple ledde me forth
and sayde: This Sacred Wall
That here thou viewst, is able well
to make thee shewe of all.
The wall was painted full of Signes
and Figures all about,
All I remember not, my braine
is weake, 'tis quickly out:
Scarce this I broze away, for all
I ofte reuolud the same,

And did recompt within my head
eache thing and ery name.
For sundry times for to recompt
a thing in couert breft
All Philicke farre excells, I déeme
that feate to be the beft.
That Virgin can from darkned Skies,
the duskie cloudes remoue,
She can to parched corne giue drinke
to make the Harueft proue.
And when hir pleasure is, she can
cause springs in fields to rise,
And when hir list represse the same
againe in wondrous wise.
She can (if be hir pleasure) make
the barraine soyle and grounde
As fatie as any pasture, and
make it with grayne abounde.
When Scorpius in his darksome lodge
and hellish house receiues
The olde Saturnus frosty starres,
that worldly things bereaues
Of ollisefull state, this Virgin can
inforce to kæpe no coyle:
The ratling hayle shall nothing noye
the corne vpon the soyle.
The house shall neuer fall by fyre
or wasted be with flame:

For

For now they say, the Skies procure
and angrie starres the same.
Oh, if this Virgin be disposde,
she can make all things sure,
If she be frendly, corne shall fill
the barne: she can procure
Eche beast to bring a twinne to light
to glad the maisters minde.
Yea and she list, although the sheepe
be drie and notte by kinde,
She can enforce with twink of eye
and becke of friendly browe
The dugge to strout with milke, & back
with woll, and Lambs ynowe.
She can remoue all vile disease
that noyes the hurtlesse Beast,
She can tell how to cure the flocke
with any griefe oppressit.
Now needlesse is to follow Pan
or any rusticke Saint,
Which auncient folks did honour so
with follies mist attaint.
I sawe about the Altare of
this Virgin, sucking Kid,
Ploughe, Oxen, Sheepe, and Ianus Goat,
and written there I spid
In table that at Altar hong
this Verse: Here Ianus lee

That lost his Goate, for Goate yfounde,
doth offer this to thee.
And whylste I red this writ on wall
with knee on marble stone,
Gan Pollux pray before the Are,
and Virgin call vpon.
Ye sayd: O Goddesse that preseru'st
both Towne and Countrey well,
I pray that *Padus* boue his banks
and limites may not swell,
And that no Fayries sucke by night
our babes in our armes,
Nor that such heggs about our coast
may rangle with their charmes.
O Goddesse fauour husbandmen,
the wastfull Want destroy
That is our daylie foe, and doth
our pasture grounds anoy.
O Goddesse, when the Winter coms
and we haue sowne our sæde,
Send down some pleasant shoures of rain
to moyst the soyle at nœde,
Lest cræping wormes and vermine vile
in yeare that is to come
Do gnaw the corne with marring mouth,
and lothsome little gumme.
From *Boreas* blast defende the Fig,
from cruell Crane the Beanes,

The

The Harueſt corne from greedie Geeſe
ybred in Marriſh Fennes.
The Ore from ſpitting Adders iawes,
from Fore and Theeke the Sheepe,
From Locuſt, Coles, and Lettis leaues,
the Vine in winter keepe.
The flocke & folde from Woulfes deceyt,
the corns from burning blaſt,
The dogs from madneſſe, towns frō fire
and thundring bolts ycaſt.
The leg of Bakon from the Mouſe,
the Gammon from the wight
That keepes the Campe, and in the fielde
doth dayly vſe to fight.
From Palmer, and the ſlouthfull: Oh,
I haue welnye forgot
The reſt, perhaps recitall of
the former Verſe will not
Be hurtfull, but reduce to mynde
what I had thought to ſay:
Wherfore I will begin agayne,
where I right nowe did ſtay.
The legge of Bacon from the Mouſe,
the Gammon from the wyght
That keepes the Campe, and in the field
doth dayly vſe to fyght.
From Palmer and the ſlouthfull Snaile,
the Gardens greene as Graſſe.

Leſt

Sée̅st (Alphus) what a Verse can do?
now is it come to passe
As earst I thought it would in dée̅de,
remembrance is renewde.

A fillie shep hierdes simple request.

O Virgin saue from thunders rore
the Drinke we lately brewde.
Kepe wel the blossomd Owes from cold,
the Calues from stinging Flie.
The Hogs from squince & swelling throts
so that they may not die.
That Ploughmens labour be not lost
O Goddesse do thy best,
Let not the Hyues of Hony Bée̅s
by Hornets be opprest.
Ne let the Lynet spill the Hirce
or Myllet sée̅des destroy,
Nor briers, by renting of the wooll
ere sheare tyme, shee̅pe anoy.
Let not the hanging burre sticke fast
vpon the hairie flee̅se
That makes the flocke pildnecked, and
his couering coate to lee̅se.
O Goddesse that dost gouerne men
and hast of children care,
O Goddesse ease to labouring wights
and suche as painefull are,
The salue to such as are diseasde,
of flockes the chiefest stay,

I thée beseche to yelde a becke
to this that I do say.
This prayer deuoutly Pollux made
the whilst I leande my backe
Unto a poast, and stayde my fœte
against a staffe: it stacke
Within my brayne that he had sayd,
his wordes I noted well,
I plaste the processe in my brest
that he before did tell.
AL. How thinkst ỹ Candid is't not right
and reason that we should
To Pollux yelde some gift for prayers
and Sacred tale be tolde?
For sure by such deuotion
our ryches are preseru'd.
CAN. What els? somewhat we must be-
for somewhat he deseru'd. (stow,
AL. What shall we giue? by th'rode a Calf
is costly to forgoe:
We either will a Lambe, or Yare,
or Gose on him bestowe.
CAN The time instructeth what to giue:
at Winter serues the Yare,
When for the Snowe he can not runne,
the Gose we best may spare
At latter end of Harueste time
when Sommer weares away,

The

The Filberd, Apples, clustred Grapes
about Midsommer day.
The sucking Kids, and bleating Lambs
at entring of the Spring.
For then if rotten hay by chaunce
anoide them any thing,
Or any thou so weake espie,
as neither well can liue,
Nor Butcher in the market place
for him will money giue,
(The gifte will be accepted well)
that Lambe of all the rest
Bestow (I say) to make a friends
with him I compt it best.
Let Pollux haue it for his paynes
and solemne tale ytolde.
Ye after dinner when that I
from him departed would,
Gaue me such Verses as he founde
writte in some auncient booke
Of holy Virgins solemne feasts:
and sayd, I pray thee looke
Upon this geare, when so by happe
thou art with care oppreſt,
Recount this Medicine of the minde
and fire it fast in breſt.
What time the Sunne the Lion leaues
and Virgo enters in,

Then

The eight Egloge.

Then in remembraunce of the Vir-
gin let the youth begin
And aged eke with siluer haires,
to triumph and be glad,
For then she left the earth, and to
the Skies hir iourney had.
The foure and twentith after that
is holy day anewe,
This Virgins birthday makes the church
and altars (this is true)
With taper light to shine like fire
and glister all with flame:
Then doth the priest new offrings make,
the time requires the same.
Then Libra makes returne in hast
to cause the Sommer night
To be full equall with the day
and so appeare in sight.
The men of *Pycen* waren glad,
on Adrianus flood
Then come *Illyrians*, *Chaons* eke
and *Thuscans* with their good
And ware to sell for greedy gayne:
from *Umbria* other some,
Venetians, men of *Sicill* to
Lauretum temple come
By troupes to offer vp their gifts:
and hauing prayde a time,

Up to the stately mountaine they
in flockes togither clime.
And when the Sunne doth enter in
his house that bends the Bowe
By shorter course, and bitter frosts
anoy the soyle belowe,
Shut vp the Cloister close, she did
the mightie God conceaue,
Which contemplation from hir head
did worldly thoughts bereaue.
Hir proper parents she forgot,
so much on God she thought.
And when that Phœbus slæs the Bow,
whose string is bent so tought,
And gins vnto the lodging colde
of horned Goate to goe:
Then let both man and woman on
with garments best to showe,
And let them kæpe that sacred day
high holy feast, wherein
With sacred sæde that aged Sire
did fill his wife within.
For in that day aboue the rest
she did conceyue the childe,
That washt away the sinne that would
al mortall men defilde.
When so the moistie harbourc of
Aquarius vndergliides,

At

At point to bring the Spring about:
then go you gallant brides
And Matrons, set the Altars ful
of torch and taper light,
Cast cense in flame to make a fume
bring candle blasing bright,
Make pompe as great as ere you can:
this Lady brought a bed
Hir little Babe hath borne to church
and hath full happy sped.
When he the Captaine of the hierd
with glittring fleece of golde
(I meane the Ramme) begins to quite
the earth from Winter colde,
And brings the gentle fitts of heate
and pleasant puffes of winde,
Allowing day more houres than night,
as is the Sommers kinde:
Let Gabriell then the Angell come
and do his message right,
Declaring tidings to the Nimph
that made the Nimph afright.
That Holie day the Thuscans all
from Mountains makes descende
And Amycols procureth to
the Florence Church to wende
And then (for why the Virgin was
not long before they say,

Espoulde)

Espouſde) becomes vnwedded maides
to celebrate the day.
When Phœbus vnder farthest point
of crawling Crabbe doth goe,
And Dogge approching brings diſeaſe,
and makes the feuers growe:
Kepe holie eke that ſacred tide,
with incenſe caſt in fyre,
For Mary then from mother of Iohn
did home agayne retire.
About the ſtonie Altars hang
to either damme a ſhare
(In token of your ioyfull hearts)
of Lady Ceres ware.
The Corne that firſt was ripe in fields,
and gan to change his hewe,
Do offer that (I ſay) to them
that Mothers are to viewe.
This Pollux taught: for walking he
amid the Mountaines hie
A fielde to folde, did chaunce to caſt
his raunging eyes to Skie
In cleare and quiet ſtarrie night:
and ſawe by fortune there
The order of the heauens, and how
the ſtarres diſpoſed were.
And more than theſe beſides ywis:
but faſt declining Sunne

Will

Will not permit as now we should
prolong our talke begunne.

The. ix. Egloge entituled FALCO.

THE ARGVMENT.

HEre Faustul hauing throughly tryde
the nature of the Romaine ground:
The vilenesse of the soyle, and Shephierds filthy manners doth expound.

The speakers names.

Faustulus. *Candidus.*

FAV. O Candid how befals
that thou from natius home
A wight exilde in forraine land
and strangie Realme dost come?
For here no Pastures are
nor Fountaines to be found,
No safe Shæpecoates, no shrouding shade
to kæpe the cattle sound. (des
CAN. Thus (Faustul) stands the case,
one Coridon that in
These quarters kept his flock, and by
that meane great wealth did win,

Draue me to déeme that here
amyd these Mountaines was
Moſt pleaſant Paſture foꝛ my Shéepe,
and holſome vaine of graſſe.
But ſithens now I ſée
and plainly viewe with eye,
The barren ground and paſtures pielde,
ſoyle rockie, Fountaines dꝛie,
It yꝛks me that I came
ſo raſhly out of doꝛe,
The iourneys long, and leauing of
my Countrie grieues me ſoꝛe.
FAV. Well ſince it was thy hap
in ſaſetie to attaine
The Latine Paſtures, I would craue
(if thou wilt take the paine)
To my poꝛe houſe to come,
of fellowſhip do ſo,
I haue fewe akers here of lande
to liue vpon, no mo
Than poꝛely will maintaine
my lowe and nédie ſtate:
But ſuch as 'tis, take part I pꝛay
let run in common rate.
Perhaps ſome better hap
and foꝛtune will befall.
Foꝛ Chaunce reſembles much a blaſt
of winde, to wauering thꝛall.

Come

Come to my sedgie Coate
till raging heate be past,
And whilst the flock layd downe on soile
do chewe the Cud full fast.
Do way the Sheepecroke, sit
thee downe and tipple square:
We neede to drinke, by drynke we shall
anoyse this scorching care.
Take thou the Cruse in hande,
for after drinke (they say)
The tale with better grace is tolde
it better goes away.
CAN. What mad man would in such
a heate refuse the Cup?
FAV. Yea, wine doth qual the cruell thirst
if it be tippled vp.
Wine doth diminish care
and dolours of the minde:
As wine breedes friendship, so it doth
augment the strength by kinde.
CAN. This Countrie hath good Grapes,
if so they here do growe.
FAV. Fill out againe, the former draught
is but a tast you knowe.
The second weates the lawes,
the thirde doth cole the rage
Of burning mouth, the fourth with thirst
a cruell warre doth wage.

The fift full fiercely fights,
the first doth conquer aye,
The seauenth triumphes, Oenophilus
earst so was wont to say.
CAN. 'Tis wisdome to incline
and followe sounde aduise,
'Tis for the profite to giue care
to aged Fathers wise.
Now thirst is conquered well,
yet naytheleſſe my harte
Is pensiue aye, and thoughtfull care
augments my wonted smart.
FAV. As thirst is banisht, so
the mynde shall purchase ease:
Fill out the licour of the Crape,
drinke freely if you please.
This Phisick is to driue
the heart-pangs out of place.
Rome to abandon cruell cares
this Medicine vse like ease.
CAN. All toyle and trauell craues
a tyme of rest and stay,
Let bottle stande, and stoppe him close
to keepe the Flies away.
The day is nothing wette,
not Dewie is the night,
Which makes that forrage can not grow
but is consumed quight.

Fell

Fell famine, cruell toile,
with heate of scorching aire
Haue made the Cattle passing leane,
and brought them in dispaire
Of euer being fatte:
scarce can they drawe their winde,
Their guts are clung to emptie skinne,
the bones sticke out behinde.
This Ramme that beate the Wolfe
with horne and bounsing brow,
Is weaker than a Sheepe, a Lambe
doth passe his courage now.
Thus much the Crow declarde
with holy sacred bill:
But I was ouer hastly bent
to followe raging will.
Scarce was I out of doore
but he was straight at hande,
And bringing yll abodement, gan
on houses top to stande
Upon the lefter side,
and with an angrie beake
With open signe of fell myschap
alond began to squeake,
O most vnhappie beast,
that wonted were of yore
When on our soyle thou feddst, to bring
of Wilke and Cattle store,

Nowe seeking pastures newe,
more kindly strength doth misse
By wearie trauell, than by foode
thou gained hast ywisse.
Here both we faint yfeare,
thou with thy slender fare,
And I poore wight in sunder crusht
with cruell girding care.
Now is our countrie stuft
with wealth: what Medowe grounds
Haue we? What pastures greene as leeke
within our Countrie bounds?
O merrie ioyfull soyle,
and fertile fieldes to see,
Where aye is Corne vpon the grounde
as where fresh ryuers bee
Aye passing through the Townes
and Burroughs where we wonne,
And where through erie Village and
eche Garden floods do renne.
This makes the goodly flocks
and pasture fieldes so fatte.
When crabbed Cancer rules, and men
do plie the threshing batte.
And scorching Iulie scaldes:
the fieldes do flourish greene,
The apples growe in euery hedge.
and the brakes are seene

So wéete

Sweete smelling floures eche where
and pleasant to the nose,
In euerie bush there standes on stalke
of euery hue a Rose.
O pleasant shade of Groues
and sound of trembling leaues,
Which earst (I minde) with thee I had
among the shadie greaues.
Where we the Turtles plaint
and Swallowes songs did heare
And Philomelas sundrie tunes,
when Locusts first appeare,
That make the Groues to ring
with shrill and shrisking cries,
The aire that shooke the leanie boughs
from Eurus did arise,
Aloft our heads the tree
that Cornus hight there hangde,
Whose boystrous armes were al about
with Berries brauely spangde.
I sitting on the grounde
sawe howe the beastes did sporte,
And tender Lambs with hurtlesse horns
did fight in friendly sorte.
And when that heate was past,
or staring to the Skies,
I blewe my Pipe, or else did sing
what best I mought deuise.

Another while I would
laye grusse vpon the gralle,
Pluck Strawberies from slender stalkes
the time away to passe.
PAV. Then happie was thy life,
thou wert a blessed wight,
But of that friendly Fortune thou
didst take no great delight.
Thou scornst that present state,
a worse not hauing tride,
And that procurde that Fortune so
away from thee did glide.
When so it comes agayne,
(if euer thou haue the happe)
Euen as the braunches of the Vine
the propping poales do lappe,
And them enuiron growe
fast clasping them about:
So catch hir with thy hands, and caught
let hir no way get out.
She goes and makes returne,
and often changeth hue:
Much like the Beggs that by reporte
about the Mountains flue,
And rangled in the darke
and Shadie Mist of night.
And as this Fortune shifts hir lookes,
and chops and changeth sight,

So

So wandring is hir mynde,
mære iestings are hir ioyes,
Loke what she gaue she takes againe,
no reason, al is toyes.
The man that feares the worst,
or warely lookes about,
She scornes and as an abiect hates,
she shuts the Dastard out.
CAN. As oft as vs to minde
do call our Countrie soile
We can not patiently endure
this wofull wearie toile.
But whether run my wits
that am tormented thus?
To double present woe do I
now thinke on former blisse?
Nowe merrie May is come,
the Vine is greene to viewe,
Now Corne hath taken eire, Pomegra-
nats are of golden hiewe.
Eche where the bushes smell,
the Elder trees are white
Within our Countrie, al about
both *Pade* and *Mirce* in sight.
But here yet scarcely do
the Grones begin to bud,
And if so be that in the spring
the ground be dead, by th'Rod

What will it do when force
of Winter coms in place,
And soile is clad with frostie clothes
or scalding Sommers blase?
Yet here are hierds of beastes
with silke and finest skin,
Upon whose boistrous brauned neckes
the yoake hath neuer bin:
Whose forheads hardned are
with double horne to sée,
No doubt, vnlesse they fed agood,
they could not lightly bée
Dewlapped so before
with dangles hanging downe.

FAV. These beasts whose loftie heads and
are lifted hye from ground, (lokes
And haue such spindle shankes
and go with loftie gates:
Deuours vp all, first grasse, and then
they make the boughs their cates.
With vpwards reaching iawes
and greedie gaping chap,
They chew the chiefest pasture grounds
and trées in sunder snap.
This weake and sillie beast
that only feedes on grasse
That growes on ground, doth fast ful oft
in pastures bare as glasse.

CAN.

IOAN. What nédes such lauish talke?
all liuing things of kind
Haue this condition, aye the small
the great his foe doth finde.
The Lambe is pray to Wolfe,
to Eagle gentle Doues,
The Dolphin hurts the hurtlesse fish
that in the wallow moues.
How coms this geare about?
a monstrous thing it is.
This place, if from aloft thou loke
will séeme to be ywis
Good pasture ground and fine,
as full of grasse as nédes:
But how much nearer that you come,
the more appeare the wédes.
Then shewes the filth his kind,
then plainly 'tis discride.
PAV. *Rome* is to men as to the birds
the Dwle with visage wide,
She sits vpon a stocke,
and liks a stately Quéne
With loftie becks she cals a farre
the birdes that nie hir béene.
The route suspecting nought
togither come a pace,
They marueil at hir picked cares
and gaily glewing face,

And

And at hir Monstrous head
and crooked bending byll:
Whilst thus (I say) they hoppe about
not minding any yll,
From sprig to sprig, from bough
to bough, from tree to tree,
Some threaded are with limed lace,
with twigs some other bee
Ycaught: thus al as pray
vnto the Broach do goe.
CAN. O this is passing, nothing can
be better sayde I trowe.
But see howe yonder Snake
with crooked crawling pace
Glides on the grauell ground, and as
he commeth to the place
With thirstie gaping iawes
and tong infectes the aire.
FAV. O Candid minde wel what I say,
let to thy breast repaire,
What time thou wandrest in the wood
thyne eyes defende
And garde with hat, for bushie thornes
their poinant pricks pretende
To nay thy face, and if
thou take not great good hēde
The crooked hanging brimbles will
rent off thy crooked wēde.

Do not alway thy Crooke,
haue bosome full of stones,
Least some newe vnerpected foe
oppresse thee for ths nones.
Put on thy Cokers eke
and stirsteps to beware,
The bushie Groues are full of Snakes,
with bits they bréede our care,
In dayly hazard of our lines,
and now the Sommer makes
Their poysoned Venome rancles sore
where so by chaunce it takes.
A thousand Wolues there be,
as many Fores hers
Belowe in bottome of the Vale,
that do not yet appers.
And (monstrous thing to speake)
my selfe haue séene with eye
Yen Woulfie shape and manners put
in prouse and practise I,
That with their flocks haue dealt
too cruelly in déede,
And all imbrude with slaughter of
their beasts they forst to bléede.
The neighbour places laugh,
nor feare the cruell spoile,
Nor once will go about to stop
this grædie blondie broile.

And

And oftentimes appeare
fell vglie shapes to fight,
Which erth by influence vile brings forth,
sometimes the Dogs do fight
And vse such cruell rage,
as farre they do surpasse
The tyrannie of bloudie Wolues:
That rout that rampire was
As garde to flocks of yore,
put on a wrathfull minde,
And slay the stelly Cattle that
their fortune is to finde.
In *Egypt* men report
they honoure certaine beasts
And sundrie coumpted Gods to be
with pompe and solemne feasts.
That superstition was
deseruing lesser blame
Than ours, for we to euery beast
a seuerall Altar frame:
A thing contrary quite
to God, and lawes of kinde.
For he ordainde a man as heade
and chiefe of brutish kinde.
And sundrie times the hote
and scalding Summers rayes
And plagie yeare approcheth fast,
that euery beast decayes

About

About the open fieldes:
the sucking Lambe that cries
At deade Dams teate himselfe with vile
disease on sodaine dies.
Euen vnderneath the yoake
the Oxen lose their breath,
And as they trauell in the way
yelde lifs to cruell death.
No reason in the plague,
no Physicke to aslake
This venome vile, and poysonde filth:
but house from house doth take
Infection of the same,
and drinkes vp deadly soze,
And dayly so contagion of
this poyson growes to moze.
This plague kils lightly no
fell sauage bloudie beast,
The yong ones prosper too too well.
the Wolues make gladsome feast
And rend with ruthlesse chaps
our sillie cattle that
But lately tide, and by our losse
thus Wolues do waxen fat.
CAN. Alas vnhappie I,
what rashe and foolish mode
Drewe me? who so doth credit fame,
I thinke him mad and wood.

Of

Of Romaine hils I heard,
of stately *Tyber* eake.
And men of goodly Romain roofes
and buildings earst did speake
I out of hand had great
desire to see the same,
And leade my life within a soyle
that was of such a name.
With halfe my hierd I came
(a mad man in my thought)
For whie with me both Tent and all
my Shephierdes trinkets brought
Throughout the Mountaines hie,
Pailes Pans ymade of brasse,
With Caldrons, Cheesefat eke, and all
the rest that fittest was
For making of the Cheese,
and so it was my hap
To lose my troublous trauaïle and
my charges at a clap.
Alas what shall I do?
which way my selfe conuart?
The hoped pleasures are denied,
there are in erie part
So many daungerous haps,
so sundrie perils prest
As I am driuen vnto my Coate
againe to take my rest:

Con-

Conſtrainde of force to ſay
and graunt it yll begunne,
The toile I toke in hand of late
by heate of ſcalding ſunne,
By wearie trauell home to flocks
I am enforſt to runne.
Alas vnhappie hierd,
O Shephierd yll accurſt,
More better had it bëene for thée
if thou hadſt ſtaide at furſt
At home in natiue ſoile,
and there haue waren olde
(Than thither to haue raſhly come)
where thou moughtſt haue ben bold
In countrie well beknowne of thée,
and coaſt exceeding colde:
And *Padus* banckes about,
and *Atheſis* tow ſtrayde,
Or there wher *Mincius* twhart the fields
and Paſtures runnes vnſtaide.
Or elſe where *Abdua* with
his ſiluer chanel flowes
To haue remainde, and fed thy hierd
with ſwéete and holſome bowes.

FAV. This light beliefe of thine,
both thée and me beguiles,
For I haue ſéene thoſe grædie wights
that longd to climbe erewhiles

And sate in pleasures mount,
from praised gods to slip,
Nor could escape: Experience
causeth men beware the whip.
The warie children trie
and wisely loke about,
Nor followe ery liked thing
though braggers boast it out.
Now chiefest things their laude
and earned praise do want,
That were of yore right worthy fame,
(all these I nædes must graunt)
Whose names alone remaine:
as Lune and Adria eake,
And Saluya with auncient Troie
of whome did Vmber speake.
But (as I sayde) the names
are now aliue and left,
The rest ingratefull wasting Time
and fretting Age hath reft.
Though nowe of lesser laude
and praise our Countrie bæ,
Yet better is the thing perhaps.
Eche man aliue doth sæ
And knowes what great renoume
Rome euer had ere this:
The fame (good sayth) as yet remaines,
the auncient gaine begis

And profite is suppreſt.
Thoſe flouds that earſt did flowe
Atwhart the fieldes and paſture groundes,
finde lacke of licour now.
Drie are the Wellie vaines,
the moiſture quite is gone,
No cloud doth ſhoure, nor *Tyber* glides
the gaſping fieldes vpon.
Time auncient Conduits hath
and leaden Pipes defaſt,
The Towers are in decay: wherefore
hence hence (my Goates) in haſt.
Here woons but famine now,
here want of wealth doth raigne:
Yet here (they ſay) do dwell, and we
our ſelues haue ſéene it plaine,
A Shephierd, one that of
the Falcon, Falco hight,
Well ſtorde of fléezie Shéepe, for Pa-
ſture grounds a wealthie wight:
That in his Songs excels
the antique Poets, and
The ſkilfull Orpheus that both woods
and rockes about the land
By force of Muſike drew,
the reſt of Romaine race
He ſo far doth ſurpaſſe (a ſtrange
and monſtrous vgglie caſe)

Padus Tybers streams,
and Abdua Macras flood,
The Willow Bulrush, Thistle Rose,
the Seawéedes Popple wood.
We thinke him not vnlike
that noble worthie wight
Whose Altars Maro made to shine
twelue dayes with sacred light.
This Shephierd kepes his flocke,
with far more watchfull care
Than Argus did that in his head
a hundreth watchmen bare.
And Daphnis not alone,
but that Apollo eake
That fed Admetus hierd in *Thes-*
sale soile as Poets speake.
Well worthie to succéede
and take the charge in hand
Of Fisher that forewent his nets,
and kept his Shéepe at land.
He knowes the way to garde
his cattle, how to driue
Diseases from infected flocks,
and saue his Lambs aliue:
Moist eke the Pasture grounds,
giue grasse, let ryuers go,
And reconcile the mightie loue,
abandon théeuish foe.

Beate

Beate off the barking Wolfe,
that ſeekes the beaſts to kill.
O Candid here make thy abode
if ſo he Falcos will:
But if he once reſtraine
his fauoure and his grace,
Dzine thou away thy hierde, and haſt
to ſeeke a better place.

FINIS.